

THE  
SCHOOLE  
OF  
COMPLEMENT.

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AS IT WAS ACTED  
by her Majesties Servants at  
the Private house in Drury Lane.

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—————*Hæc placuit semel.*—————

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By I. S.

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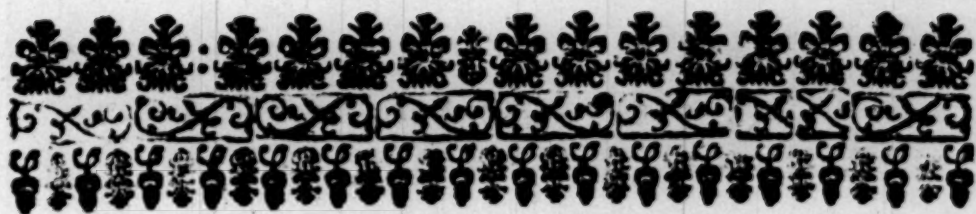
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1637.







TO  
THE TRVLV NOBLE  
GENTLEMAN, WILLIAM  
TRESHAM Esquire.



*IR, I have long cheri-  
shed a desire, by some  
worthy testimony, to  
expresse how much I  
honour you: But af-  
ter a tedious expectation, hopelesse  
to meet with an occasion to make me  
so fortunate; I resolved, rather than  
to hazard the censure of neglect, to  
snatch any opportunitie of presen-  
ting my services. This (which to me  
hath no name, but what your bounty  
A 2 shall*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*shall bestow) having pleased you upon the Stage, comming into the world, offereth it selfe to kisse your hand. If you be mercifull, I am upon even termes with the world beside, and will studie next to reach your minde with imaginations of a higher nature. In the meane time, grow you up, and ripen your selfe for Honour; the flowings of your bloud will instruct you how to merit; while I rest content with my ambition, if I may still write my selfe,*

Your devoted Servant,

I. SHERLEY.



# THE SCHOOLE OF COMPLEMENT.

## PROLOGVE.



**I**T is a principle by Nature wrot  
In all our understanding, there is not  
One Art or action, but it must tend  
And move from some beginning to its end.  
The Souldiers that weare the honoured bayes  
Upon their browes, and glorious Trophies raise  
To Fame on pile of wounds, knew a time when  
They suckt at warre. Your Muse inspired men  
And of diviner earth, sacred for wit,  
Crept out of their first elements to it:  
The goodliest Harvest had first seed and hope,  
Ere it could lade with an enriching crop  
The rurall Teame: th'exactest building first  
Grew from a stone, though afterward it durst  
Wrap his faire head in clouds: nothing so true,  
As all things have beginning: upon you  
Dwell candid application: this Play is  
The first fruits of a Muse, that before this  
Never saluted Audience, nor doth meane  
To sweare himselfe a Factor for the Scene.  
Though he employ some houres, he only prayes.  
You take it as first borne, although he sayes,  
He meant it not his heire, since 'tis unjust  
One should have all, as in the Law it must.  
Accept then a beginning; all men know,  
He first kist bayes, that wore them on his brow.





## *Drammatis Personæ.*

*Cornelio*, an ancient Gentleman.  
*Infortunio*, a Gentleman lover of *Selina*.  
*Rufaldo*, an old Merchant.  
*Antonio*, sonne to *Cornelio*, in love with *Hilaria*.  
*Gasparo*, a Gentleman a lover of *Felice*.  
*Ienkin*, a Welshman.  
*Babulcu*, a rich Gull, in love with *Hilaria*.  
*Iocarello*, *Ienkins* Page.  
*Gergon*, *Antonio*'s Servant.  
*Ingeniolo*, a Justices Clarke.  
*Orlando Furioso*, a Roarer.  
An old Countrey-man.  
*Offe* his sonne.  
Servingman.  
Shepherds.

*Selina* *Cornelio*'s daughter.  
*Felice*, her sister.  
*Hilaria*, *Rufaldo*'s daughter.  
*Delia*, a Chamber-maid.  
*Medulla*, a Countrey Gentlewoman.  
Shepherdesses.

THE



I

# THE SCHOOLE OF COMPLEMENT.

*1<sup>st</sup> Scena prima.*

*Enter Antonio and Gasparo.*

*Antonio.*



Irre, this Welshman is in love with my sister  
*Selina*, and hath chosen me for his prolo-  
cutor.

*Gas.* O! this Love will make us all mad,  
thou knowest I lov'd a sister of thine once,  
but heaven knowes where shee is, I thinke  
she lov'd me too, dost thinke she did not?

*Gas.* Well, thy father has reason to curse himselfe, beside  
some that she and I have.

*Ant.* Nay, nay, thou'lt fall into passion againe, when things  
are past recovery, 'twas a good wench, but come, prethee leave  
to thinke on her.

*Gas.* Nay, I ha done, what shal's doe?

*Ant.* Any thing but talke of State matters: thou hast much  
intelligence in the world, prethee what's the newes abroad?  
I come forth a purpose to heare some, and this is an age of  
novelties.

*Gas.* Newes? O excellent newes!

*Ant.*

*The Schoole of Complement.*

*Ant.* Prethee what ist? I long to heare some.

*Gasp.* There is no newes at all.

*Ant.* Call you that excellent newes?

*Gasp.* Is it not good newes, that there is no bad newes? the truth is, the newes-maker Master Money-lacke is sicke of a consumption of the wit.

*Ant.* The newes-maker? why, is there any newes-maker?

*Gasp.* Oh sir, how should younger brothers have maintained themselves, that have travell'd, and have the names of Countries, and Captaines without booke, as perfect as their prayers, I, and perfecter too? for I thinke there is more probability of forgetting their prayers, they say them so seldome; I tell you sir, I have knowne a Gentleman that has spent the best part of a thousand pound, while he was prentice to the trade in *Holland*, and out of three sheets of paper, which was his whole stocke, a pen and inke-horne hee borrowed, he set up shop, and spent an hundred pound a yeare upon his whore, and found sheets for them both to lie in too: it hath beene a great profession; many most commonly they are Souldiers: a peace concluded, is a great plague unto'em, and if the warreshold, we shall have store of them; O, they are men worthy of commendations, they speake in print.

*Ant.* Are they Souldiers?

*Gasp.* Faith so they would be thought, though indeed they are but mungrels, not worthy of that noble attribute; they are indeed bastards, not sons of war and true Souldiers, whose divine soules I honour, yet they may be cald great spirits too, for their valour is invisible, these, I say, will write you a battell in any part of *Europe* at an houres warning, and yet never set foot out of a Taverne, describe you Townes, Fortifications, Leaders, the strength o'th enemies, what Confederates, every dayes march, not a Souldier shall lose a haire, or have a bullet fly betweene his armes, but hee shall have a Page to wait on him in *quarto*, nothing destroyes'em but want of a good memory, for if they escape contradiction, they may be chronicled.

*Ant.* Why, thou art wise enough to be an Informer.

*Gasp.* I mary, now you speake of a Trade indeed, the very  
Atlas



*Atlas* of a State Politick, the common-shore of a city, nothing falls amisse unto 'em, and if there be no fish in the Commonwealth can live by honestie, and yet be slaves by their privilege, there is not an oath but they will have money for it!

*Ant.* Oh brave Trade.

*Gasp.* They can eat men alive and digest 'em, they have their conscience in a string, and can stifle it at their pleasure, the Devils journeymen, set up for themselves, and keepe a damnation house of their owne; indeed they seldome prove Aldermen, yet they are taken for Knights every day o'th weeke, when they ride post, they have the art of insinuation, and speake writs familiarly, they are Agents, as I have heard, for the Devill in their life-time, and if they die in their bed, have this privilege, to be sons of hell by adoption, and take place of Serjants.

*Enter Infortunio and Selina.*

*Gasp.* Stay. Who's there? thy sister and *Infortunio*: let's observe.

*Infor.* I must have other answer, for I must love you.

*Sel.* Must? but I doe not see any necessitie that I should love you, I doe confesse you are a proper man.

*Infor.* O doe not mocke *Selina*, let not excellence Which you are full of, make you proud and scornfull, I am a Gentleman, though my outward part Cannot attract affection, yet some have told me, Nature hath made me what she need not shame, Yet looke into my heart, there you shall see What you cannot despise, for there you are With all your graces waiting on you, there Love hath made you a Throne to sit, and rule Ore *Infortunio*, all my thoughts obeying And honouring you as Queene, passe by my outside: My brest I dare compare with any man.

*Sel.* But who can see this brest you boast of so?

*Infor.* Oh! 'tis an easie worke, for though it be Not to be pierced by the dull eye, whose beame

Is spent on outward shapes, there is a way  
 To make a search into hiddenst passage.  
 I know you would I love to please your sense :  
 A Tree that beares a ragged unlev'd top  
 In depth of Winter, may when Summer comes  
 Speake by his fruit, he is not dead but youthfull,  
 Though once he shew'd no sap : my heart's a plant  
 Kept downe by colder thoughts, and doubtfull feares,  
 Your frownes like Winter stormes make it seeme dead,  
 But yet it is not so, make it but yours,  
 And you shall see it spring, and shoot forth leaves  
 Worthy your eye, and the oppressed sap  
 Ascend to every part to make it greene,  
 And pay your love with fruit when Harvest comes.  
 If my affection be suspected, make  
 Experience of my loyaltie, by some service  
 Though full of danger, you shall know me better,  
 And so discerne the truth of what you see not.

*Sel.* Then you confesse your love is cold as yet,  
 And winter's in your heart.

*Infor.* Mistake me not, *Selina*, for I say  
 My heart is cold, not love.

*Sel.* And yet your love is from your heart He warrant.

*Infor.* Oh you are nimble to mistake,  
 My heart is cold in your displeasures only,  
 And yet my love is fervent, for your eye  
 Casting out beames, maintaines the flame it burnes in.  
 Againe, sweet Love,  
 My heart is not mine owne, 'tis yours, you have it,  
 And while it naked lyes, not dain'd your bosome  
 To keepe it warme, how can it be but cold,  
 In danger to be frozen? blame not it,  
 You only are in fault it hath no heat.

*Sel.* Well sir, I know you have Rhetorick, but I  
 Can without art give you a finall answer.

*Infor.* Oh stay, and thinke a while, I cannot relish  
 you should say finall, sweet, deliberate,



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It doth concerne all the estate I have,  
I meane not dunghill treasure, but my life  
Doth stand or fall to it, if your answer be  
That you can love me, be it swift as lightning.  
But if you meane to kill me, and reject  
My so long love-devotions, which I have pay'd  
As to an Altar, stay a little longer,  
And let me count the riches I shall lose,  
By one poore aëry word, first give me backe  
That part of *Infortunio* that is lost  
Within your love, play not the Tyrant with me.

*Sel.* Y'are over-weake to let your passions sway you :  
If I knew any thing I had of yours,  
I would not doe you that injustice, sir,  
To let it stay with me, and for your love,  
I cannot pay it backe againe with mine,  
Eicher release the debt, or I shall-dye in't,  
Your suit is fruitlesse, hopelesse, pardon me, farewell.

*Ant.* Now by all my hopes you are to blame, sister, come,  
this Gentleman deserves your love, *Infortunio*.

*Sel.* Brother, you forget your selfe.

*Ant.* Why, I doe remember I am your brother, I say you  
must love him.

*Sel.* Must?

*Ant.* What, does that move your spirit? what are you, but  
you may love? be not petulant, y'are a baggage and not wor-  
thy of a man, by heaven I now could kick her. *Exit.*

*Gasp.* Thy tother sister was of calmer temper, this a true  
woman.

*Infor.* Sir, had not nature made you brother to her, I should  
be angry. *Exit.*

*Ant.* Alas poore Gentleman, I doe not feele my selfe in  
such an humour for *Hilaria*, and yet by this hand I love her  
well enough, and now I thinke on't, I promis'd her my com-  
pany, she has a damnable usurious stinking wretch to her fa-  
ther, that cannot abide me, but 'tis no matter, this wench and  
I may find a place to meet in, in spite of his eyes and specta-  
cles. How now *Gorgon*, what sayes she?



*The Schoole of Complement.*

*Enter Gorgon.*

*Gorg.* Sir, I have done your remembrances to Mistris *Hilaria*, and told her you should find her comming by and by, but you were best passe in some obscurity, for her father *Rufaldo* is hard by fir. *Lupus in Fabula.* *Enter Rufaldo.*

*Ant. Gasparo*, and thou love me, shew thy wit to entertaine this peece of blacke Dammaske and Velvet guards, while I goe in to *Hilaria*.

*Ruf.* Old men are the truest lovers, young men are inconstant and wag with every wind, we never move, but are as Steele.

*Gor.* But in womens matters as weake as water, as weake as water.

*Ruf.* Besides, sweet Love, but doe I court a shadow? to see whither love will carry a man: let me see, I could finde in my heart to bestow a ring upon my Sweet-heart, but that I am loth to part with it: hem, I will get but one childe, and that shall be a boy, lest having too many children, I undoe my heire, and my goods be divided. O sweet *Selina*, O amiable *Selina*; sure I am not old.

*Gor.* I have it, Signior *Gasparo*, pray let me begin with my Merchant if you love me, and if you like it, second me.

*Gaspr.* Goe to *Gorgon*, let's see thy wit now.

*Ruf.* Old men walke with a staffe, and creepe along the streets, hold their heads below their girdle, faulter in their speech, foame at mouth, and breathe ten times in a furlong, and are ready to spit their lungs on every mans threshold.

*Gorg.* God save you fir.

*Ruf.* Godamercy honest *Gorgon*.

*Gor.* I cry you mercy fir, Ile assure you fir, I tooke you for Master *Rufaldo* the old Merchant.

*Ruf.* Why, and am not I? is not the fellow drunke? I am *Rufaldo*.

*Gor.* It may be some kin to him, but not that *Rufaldo* I meane; you are younger a faire deale.

*Ruf.* I am that *Rufaldo*, the Merchant, that buried my wife lately, and have one daughter *Hilaria*, ancient acquaintance with *Cornelio* and your master *Antonio*.

*Gor.*

*Gor.* Oh sir, you must excuse me for that.

*Ruf.* Is thy name *Gorgon*?

*Gor.* What else sir, honest *Gorgon* I?

*Ruf.* Doe I know thee to be *Gorgon*? what, shall I be fac'd out of my selfe? why thou varlet, who am I, if not *Rufaldo*?

*Gor.* Why sir, 'tis plaine, you have no gray haire in your head, your cheek is scarlet, a wanton youthfull eye; *Rufaldo* had a head like frost, his eyes sunke into his hollowes, a rugged brow, a hoary beard, and all his body not worth a drop of blood, a very crazie old meale-mouth'd Gentleman, you are younger at least by thirty yeares.

*Ruf.* Ile assure thee I was *Rufaldo*, when I rose in the morning.

*Gor.* You have not slept since, have you?

*Ruf.* No.

*Gor.* 'Tis the more strange. I have heard of some that have beene changed in a dreame, but never waking before: this is strange, nay admirable!

*Ruf.* Young, chang'd, art sure thou dost not mocke?

*Gor.* I were a very knave then, if you be *Rufaldo*, I hope your worship knowes I have beene bound to my good behaviour.

*Ruf.* Altered young, ha! I would I were; and yet mee thinkes I am livelier than I was, I feele my joynts pliable as wax, and my voyce is stronger too. But tell me, honest *Gorgon*, is it possible for an old man to be young againe?

*Gor.* Nay, I see youle not beleieve me: well sir, I will be bold to report the wonder abroad, and astonish all your friends.

*Ruf.* Nay, stay, honest *Gorgon*, ha! young, no gray haire? stay, who's here?

*Exit Gorgon.*

*Gasp.* Ha! 'tis not he, Ile speake to him, no 'tis in vaine, Ile see if he knowes me. ————— *He passes by.*

*Ruf.* *Gasparo*! what, does not he know me too?

*Gasp.* Sir, I should know you, are you not Signior *Petruchio*, the dancing Master?

*Ruf.* Trickes, passages, I am *Rufaldo*, old *Rufaldo*.

*Gasp.* *Rufaldo* indeed is old, but you are young, you doe



retaine his countenance, I would sweare you were he, but you are younger farre.

*Ruf.* 'Tis so, I am chang'd, I am younger than I was, I am that *Rufaldo*, beleeve, I know you to be a learned Gentleman, nam'd *Gasparo*, I was told afore I was altered, but not to trouble you with many questions, only one, *Gasparo*, is it a thing possible for an old man to be young againe? I know 'tis admirable, but is it possible? you are a Scholler.

*Gas.* Possible? oh yes, theres no question, for wee see by experience, Stagges cast their old hornes, and prove vigorous, Snakes cast off their old coats, Eagles renew their age, your plants doe it familiarly, the Phoenix when shee is old, burnes her selfe to ashes, from thence revives a young Phoenix againe. Possible? I have heard some old men have beene twice children sir, ————— therefore 'tis not impossible.

*Ruf.* 'Tis very strange: I am not yet confident.

*Gas.* There be receipts in Physicke, sir, to keepe them young, saving that time runnes on a little beforehand with em: yes, and to make young, since it is harder to make alive when they are dead, than to make young when they are alive, and Physicke doth revive some out of all question, though not so familiarly askill, for that they doe with a little studie; marry I thinke, if it were as gainfull to the Physitian to restore as to destroy, he would practise the Art of recovery very faithfully.

*Ruf.* Why, doe you think it would not prove as gainfull?

*Gas.* Oh! by no meanes, for where an old man would give an hundred pound, to have fortie or fiftie yeares wiped off the old score of his life; his wife or next heire would joyne rather than faile, to out-bid him halfe on't, to put him out of debt quite, and to send his old leaking vessell into *mare mortuum*.

*Ruf.* Well, well, but if I be young, I have tooke no Physicke for't.

*Gas.* If! nay, 'tis past *If* and *And* too, you are certainly restor'd, let me see, you looke like one of foure, or six and thirtie,



thirtie, not a minure above, and so much a man may take you for.

*Ruf.* Well, I know not what to say to't, there is some power in love has blest me : now *Selina*, be thou gracious.

*Gasp.* Are you in love? nay, the wonder is not so great; who can expresse the power of Love? I have read of a Painter named *Pigmalion*, that made the picture of a woman so to the life, that he fell in love with it, courted it, lay in bed with it, and by power of Love, it became a soft-natur'd wench indeed, and he begot I know not how many children of her. Well sir, *Selina* cannot choose but be mad for you.

*Ruf.* Not mad, *Gasp.*, I would be loth to be troubled with her and she be mad.

*Gasp.* Yes, and shee be mad in love, there is no harme in't, she cannot be too mad in love, your *Cornucopia* may be abated at pleasure, besides sir, the best morall men say, Love it selfe is a madnesse, and the madder your wife is, the more sure you may be she loves you.

*Ruf.* No, no, I love no madnesse on any condition, for feare of being horne-mad.

*Gasp.* Why sir, madnesse is not such a discredit, as the age goes : you know there are many mad fashions, and what man but sometimes may be mad? are not your great men mad, that when they have enough, will pawne their soule for a Monopoly? besides mad Lords, what doe you thinke of Ladies at sometime of the Moone, you may spell em in their names, Maddame? you have mad Courtiers, that run madding after Citizens wives : the Citizens are mad too, to trust em with their wares, who have beene so deepe in their wives bookes before : your Justice of Peace is sometimes mad too, for when he may see well enough, he will suffer any man to put out his eye with a bribe: some Lawyers are often stark-mad, and talke wildly, no man is able to endure their termes.

*Ruf.* Prethee mad-cap leave, I am almost mad to heare thee.

*Gasp.* Well, my old young *Rufaldo*, if you marry *Selina*, I shall have a paire of gloves, I hope, and youle let me dance at your wedding.

*Ruf.*

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*Ruf.* That thou shalt, boy, and He dance my selfe too, hey, ————— *Exit leaping.*

*Gasp.* Farewell credulitie ; ha, ha, with what a greedinesse doe old men run out of their wits ? 'Twas a good recreation to see with what pleasure hee suffered himselfe to be guld : faith *Gasparo*, play out thy hand, now thou art in : me thinkes I have an excellent appetite to make my selfe merry with the simplicity of this age : let me see, 'tis Spring, and I meane to give my head a purgation, it may beat off the remembrance of my lost love *Felice* : a pox of melancholy, I wil act two or three parts, if I live, in spight of it, and if I die then *Exit Gasparo.*

*Enter Gorgon.*

*Gor.* Seignior *Gasparo*, my Master would speake with you : the project too : I met the Youth strutting like a Gentleman Usher, 'twas my invention.

*Gasp.* But I gave it pollish, *Gorgon.*

*Gorg.* I confesse, you tooke off the rough-cast, but 'twas *Gorgons* head brought forth the project, from my *Joves* braine came this *Minerva*.

*Gasp.* I thinke thou art a wit.

*Gor.* Who, I a wit ? I thought you had more wit, than to make such a question, all the Towne takes me for a wit, heres a pate hath crackers in't and flashes.

*Gasp.* And thou sayst the word, wee le joyne in a project of wit, to make an Asse of the world a little, it shall make us merry, if it take no other wayes, wo't joyne ?

*Gor.* By this hand, any project of wit, what ist, good *Gasparo* ? the project.

*Gasp.* Canst be close ?

*Gor.* As mid-night to a Bawd, or a paire of Trusses to an Irish mans buttocks.

*Gasp.* Go to, thou shalt now then excuse me to thy Master, I will presently furnish my selfe with new lodgings, and expect to heare from mee shortly my brave *Delphicke*, I have it in Embrio, and I shall soone be delivered.

*Gorg.* If I faile, call me Spider-catcher.

*Exit.*  
*Gasp.*



*Gasp.* Mum, not a word, if all hit right, we may  
Laugh all our melancholy thoughts away.

*Exit.*

*Actus secundus, Scena prima.*

*Enter Bubulcus.*

*Bub.* If I were a woman, now could I fall in love with my  
selfe : every body tels me I am the properst Gentleman in the  
Towne, and I put it up, for the truth is, I dare not give any  
one the lye, a pox a fighting, I can look as big as another, but  
shall I be such an Ass, to venture my selfe with beasts ? for they  
say, your swords most commonly are Foxes, and have notable  
mettall in 'em ; let me see, I am now at *Rusfaldos* my father in  
Law that must be, here he is.

*Enter Rusfaldo apparelled youthfully.*

Master *Rusfaldo*, if you had beene my owne father, as you  
are but like to be my father in Law, I should have prov'd my  
selfe a foole, by this hand I should not have knowne you,  
why, how briske and neat, and youthfull he is !

*Ruf.* I am something altered I confesse, since I saw you.

*Bub.* By this flesh that shines, a man would not take you to  
be above five or six and thirty at most, how came this ?

*Ruf.* Iust as *Gaspardo* told me, 'tis apparent, nay, nay, son,  
forbeare to bee inquisitive, I confesse I am abated of my age,  
the power of Love, and so forth, but I see your fire of love is  
not out too.

*Bub.* No, mine was but raked up in the embers.

*Ruf.* Why, this Love does make us all ingenious too :  
come sit downe, saving your tayle sir, a cushion, we may dis-  
course with the more ease.

*Bub.* Pray, how does my Sweet-heart Mistris *Hillaria*?

*Ruf.* Shee is very well, ha son, I am in love too : sonne I  
call you, I hope you will get my daughters good-will, but  
youle find her peevish.

*Bub.* No matter, sir, for that, I would not have her easily,  
I would sweat for her, Ile warrant, Ile make her love mee.

*Ruf.* Look you can you read, I made a ditty to send to my  
Mistris,



Mistress, and my Musician that I keep in my house, to teach my daughter, hath set it to a very good aire, he tells me : you shall heare and judge of it, I heare him tuning his Instrument.

*A Song.*

*God of Warre to Cupid yeeld,  
He is Master of the field,  
He with Arrows hits the heart,  
Thou with Lance the warser part.*

*Cupid greater is than Jove,  
Since he wounded us with love,  
Nay, in power by much odds  
He excels the other gods.*

*Love transform'd Jove to a Swan,  
Made Ulysses a mad man,  
But Rutaldo it does make  
Young for his Selinas sake.*

*Ruf.* How doe you relish it, ha ?

*Bub.* I troth the Ditty is as pretty an ayer as ere I saw, 'tis divided into three Regions too, I warrant you, can make Ballads easily.

*Ruf.* Oh fie, they are barbarous and ignoble, that's beggerly.

*Bub.* But for all that, I have read good stufte sometimes, especially in your fighting Ballads, *When Cannons are roaring, and bullets are flying, &c.*

*Ruf.* Fie, a whipping post, tinkerly stufte ; how did you like the aire ?

*Bub.* As sweet an aire as a man would wish to live in, but 'tis som-what backward.

*Ruf.* Oh Musicke, the life of the soule.

*Bub.* I should have learn'd Musicke once too, but my Master had so many crochets, I could ne'r away with it : but where is your daughter, Sir ? there is no Musicke without her, she is the best Instrument to play upon.

*Ruf.* And you shall have her betweene your legs presently.

*Bub.* I had as lief be betwixt hers, for all that.

*Ruf.*

*Ruf.* *Hilaria*, where is this girle? Ile fetch her to you, and leave her with you, for I have a Love of mine owne, to whom I meane in person to present this Ditty, Ile fetch her.

*Exit.*

*Bub.* I doe not see what fault shee can finde with mee, and if I had some good word to come over her: but I must helpe it out and need be, with swearing; but here she is.

*Enter Rufaldo, Hilaria, Antonio aloofe.*

*Ruf.* Still *Antonio* with you? you are a foolish girle: doe I take care to provide a husband for you? and will you cast away your selfe upon a Prodigall? but that I would not discontent his sister, whom I hope to make my wife, I would forbid him my house; therefore bee wise, and take heed of him, hee's giddy-headed, and loose-bodied. The Bee may buzze, but he will leave a sting: plant your love there: upon my blessing, he has many Lordships.

*Hil.* Pray heaven he have good manners.

*Ruf.* I have set open the gate of opportunity; *Cupid* speed us both.

*Bub.* Let me alone to enter my man, now the point is open: hum, stay, there's a man in her Tables more than I looked for: foot, he kisses her, Ile call *Rufaldo* backe, hees out of sight, it were but a cowardly trick, for me to run away.

*Ant.* Be Buzzard now, the sting of conscience eat up his gut, fric his suet, and leave him at his death not able to weigh downe a pound of candle.

*Bub.* He talkes of suet, I doe melt already.

*Hil.* Looke, doe you see that man of clothes? upon my fathers blessing he must be my husband. What will you doe?

*Ant.* Fight with him, his clothes are too big for him, Ile beat him till he swell to'em.

*Hil.* No, as you love me, doe not strike him.

*Bub.* I will set a good face whatsoever come. *Hilaria*, how does my Love, come kisse; why so: this comes of valour, we fall to, and he falls off, he's some coward, I hope, and how doe st *Hilaria*? 'tis an age since I saw thee: what Springals is that? ha.



*Hil.* One that desires to be of your acquaintance, fir,

*Bub.* My acquaintance, who is he? none but Knights, and Knights fellows, are of my acquaintance, I scorn Gentlemen.

*Hi.* But for my sake, pray be acquainted with him.

*Bub.* Thou shalt do much with me, fir, I am coment for her sake whom I love, to be acquainted with you, wo't borrow any money? for so do all that begin their acquaintance with me, 'tis the fashion, he is a coward, is he not? here: nay, and you scorne my money, I scorne your acquaintance.

*Hil.* Pray for my sake.

*Bub.* Why, he will borrow no money of me, I had never such a trickie put upon mee, since I knew what acquaintance was: I me sure there have beene forty acquainted with mee, since I came to Towne, and not one had so little breeding, to let mee aske 'em the question, wee could no sooner shake hands, but the other was in my pocket: It may be 'tis his modestie. Sir, this is my Love *Hilaria*, and if you will not borrow money of me, by this hand, there lyes my sword, he is a coward.

*Hil.* It appeares.

*Bub.* *Hilaria* is my Mistresse, and if any man dare be so venturous, as to blast her reputation with a foule breath, he shall breathe his last.

*Hil.* 'Tis very sure, he shall not be immortall.

*Bub.* Or if you shall offer in my presence to defile her lip, or touch her hand, or kisse but the nether part of her vesture, you had better kisse her in another place; nay doe but blow on her.

*Hil.* You forget your selfe, this is my friend.

*Bub.* Or winke at her, or speake to her, or make signes, or thinke on her to my face, and you had better keepe your thoughts to your selfe: now to conclude, and if you bee agriev'd, my name is *Bubulcum*, and you lye.

*Ant.* And you lye there ath ground: why should not I knock his brains out with his owne hilts, or stake him to the ground, like a man that had hang'd himselfe? Sirrah cloaths, Rat of Nilus fiction, monster, golden Calf, oh, I would kick thee



thee till thou hast no more brains, then thy cousin Woodcock:  
I will not dishonour my selfe to kill thee, halfe a dozen kicks  
will be as good as a house of correction, out you Monkey.

*Bub.* Oh, that I could run thee thorow body and soule, I  
will challenge thee, a pox on your toes, would I had the pa-  
ring of your nayles, were you dumbe so long for this?

*Ant.* Hence.

*Bub.* Who look't for you? when will you be here agen?  
looke for a challenge, the time may come, when I will beat  
thee.

*Exit.*

*Ant.* Has thy father left a multitude of men, to make  
choise of this peece of folly to be thy husband? oh, the  
blindnesse of a covetous wretched father, that is led onely  
by the eares, and in love with sounds! Nature had done well  
to have thrust him into the world without an eye, that like a  
Mole is so affected to base earth, and there meanes to dig for  
Paradise: but come, *Hilaria.*

Fathers their children and themselves abuse,  
That wealth a husband for their daughter chuse.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cornelio, Rufaldo, and Selina.*

*Cor.* I did not thinke, *Rufaldo*, pardon mee,  
You could have so prevail'd, but if she can  
Plant her affection on yee, Ile not be  
Backward to call you sonne.

*Seli.* Hee does appeare  
With all the charmes of love upon his eye,  
And not rough drawne, but polisht, he assumes  
A power 'bove all resistance.

*Cor.* An old mans Darling, is a petty Queene  
Above all her desires.

*Ruf.* Nay, she shall want nothing my wealth can purchase,  
O my sweet *Selina.*

*Cor.* *Rufaldo*, with your patience, I would have  
A word or two in private, you need not  
Prejudicate mee.

*Ruf.* With all my heart.

*Cor.* *Selina*, thou knowest I am thy father.

*Sel.* My duty, sir, shall speake it.

*Cor.* And you know whom you have rejected.

*Sel.* Young *Infortunio*.

*Cor.* And you know what man he is, with whom You meane to  
eye that knot, nothing but Death is able to undoe.

*Sil.* *Rufaldo*, sir, an old man.

*Cor.* Oh *Selina Felice*, thy poore sister thou recalst To sad remem-  
brance, but heaven alas Knowes onely where she is.

*Sel.* Sir, I have often heard you talke of her,  
But never knew that sister well.

*Cor.* Thou with thy uncles tenderesse wast kept Alwayes in  
Countrey, not untill her losse At home with me her fate taught me  
to give A liberty to thee, her I restrain'd Poore wench in love  
with *Gisstro*, till betwixt Obedience to a father, and the love  
To him, shee left us both, father and friend, Now to avoid the like  
affliction, I vowed thy freedome, and thou seest I doe Not encoun-  
ter thy affection with the bonds  
A father might enforce upon his child.

*Sel.* I humbly thanke you *Cor.* But yet *Selina*,  
Take heed, be not too rash, I have observ'd You want no common  
judgement, O doe not Precipitate thy selfe into a sorrow,  
Shall waste thee with repentance, let mee tell you, There is a me-  
thod, when your passion's young To keep it in obedience: you love  
*Rufaldo*, Art thou not young? How will the Rose agree With a  
dead Hyacinth? or the Honey Wood-bind, Circling a withered  
Bryer? You can apply, can you submit your body  
To bed with Ice and Snow, your blood to mingle?  
Would you bee deaf'd with coughing, teach your eye How to bee  
rumaticke? Breathes he not out His body in diseases, and like dust  
Falling all into peeces, as if Nature Would make him his old grave:  
I say too much. O what are all the riches of the world, To an op-  
pressed mind? which then must bee Fed with despaire of change, or  
will gold Buy off th' imprisonment? nay, will it not Compose the  
chaines, that binde you to endure it? Well I have said enough,  
keepe still your freedome,  
And lose it where you will, you shall not blame



Me for your fate, nor grieve me with your shame.

*Sel.* Deare father, low as earth I tender you The duty of a daughter, I have heard you Not with a carelesse care, that liberty You have bestow'd on me, for which I owe All that I am, doth make me confident You will not be offended, if I tell you My love is vertuous, were it otherwise, I should elect as you premonish youth, And prodigall blood: And father, I thinke here I shew my selfe your daughter, nor am I Without good president too: how many fine Young noble Ladies, in this Faery Ile, Have matcht with reverend age? and live as they Were borne from Natures puritie, free from stain Of sensuall imputation, by their Loves, Deriving heavenly honours to themselves 'Bove merit of equality.

*Cor.* No more, heavens blessing and mine Light on thee, sha't have *Rufaldo*.

*Sel.* I would not leave *Rufaldo* for a world Of rash untemperate youth, beleeve it fir.

*Cor.* *Rufaldo*, heard you that? she sayes she would not Leave you for a world of other men.

*Ruf.* Nor I for thousand worlds forsake my Love. Come seale it with a kisse, another, another, another.

*Cor.* As close as Cockles.

*Ruf.* Oh, that we were married! 'tis death to stay the Ceremonies, would we were a bed together.

*Cor.* 'Twere time I see wee were at conference, To confirme all things for the mariage, You being agreed, I think we shall not differ In other circumstance, and 'twere sinne to let That keepe your joyes asunder by delay: Please you wee le have some treaties.

*Ruf.* Most willingly, O my bird, my Chicke, my Dove, My America, my new-found world, I shall shortly Run backe into one and twenty againe.

*Exeunt Cornelio and Rufaldo.*

*Sel.* With what agility he moves himselfe, As he were made of ayre? let weaknesse tax Our inequality, I have a minde Can easily contemne what the worlds malice Out of its owne first guiltinesse can throw Upon our loves, 'tshall be enough for me

Thus



Thus to convince the world of so much basenesse,  
Lodg'd in luxurious thoughts, by my chaste thoughts.

*Rufaldo*, thou art mine, all time, me thinks,  
Is slow, till we be actually possest

Of mutuall enjoying. Stay, who 's this?

*Enter Jenkin, and his Page Jocarello.*

The Welshman that delivers his affection  
At second hand to me.

*Ien.* Looke you Pages, where our Sweet-hearts and Pigf-  
nies be, and her could tell what to say to her now, know her  
heart very well, but pogs upon her, cannot aule her know-  
ledge speake Rethoricks, and Oratories, and fine words to  
her? looke you kanow better to fight, and cut doublets with  
her Welsh glaues, marke you.

*Ioc.* Sir, will you lose this opportunitie, youle curse  
your selfe in Welsh, two or three dayes together for't.

*Ien.* Sentilwoman, if her knawnot her name, was *Ienkin*,  
borne in Wales, came of pig houses, and prittish bloods, was  
have great hils and mountaines aule her owne, when was get  
'm again, any was her confins, and our Countrey man was ne-  
ver conquered, but alwayes have the victories pravelly, have  
her Armes and scushrins, to know that say you, was give in  
her crests great deal of monsters, & Dragons, kill 'm with their  
hooks, very valiantly, as any Sentelman in the whole world :  
pray you now was please you place her affections and good-  
wils upon her, in wayes of make-money, marke you teale  
plainly, *Ienkin* was love her very honestly, else pox upon her,  
and her will fight in her cause, and quarrels, long as have any  
plood in her bellies and backs too, marke you.

*Sel.* Sir, I am bound to you for the affection  
You cast on mee, 'tis far above my merit.

*Ien.* Merits say you? aw te merits are awle banished our  
Countries and Nations, you know dat : pray you was her  
love *Ienkin*?

*Sel.* Love you, sir? I know not  
How to be so inhumane, not to love you,  
Your parts deserve a nobler object, I am not

Worthy

Worthy so much opinion of your love,  
But wherein I may doe you service sir,  
You shall command *Selina*.

*Exit Selina.*

*Jen.* Shall her, was make her meanes and satisfactions warrant her, or say *Senkin* was Gentleman of Wales, say you now Pages, was have her matrimonies and wedlocks very fast, looke you, and when was get her awfe her consins, was make joyes and gratulation for her good fortunes upon her walshe Harpes, know you dat very well Pages? her feare her shall bee Knighted one dayes, and have great cumulations of urships, honours, and dignities too, a great while agoe.

*Jac.* And great Castles ith'aire.

*Jen.* Was give awle our lands, and craggy Tenements in Wales away to our cousin up *Iohn*, and live her selfe here upon very good fashions, with our monies and mighty riches, when her can get 'em.

*Enter Infortunio.*

*Infor.* How now, whicher so fast, man? thou maist get to hell by night, and thou goest but an Aldermans pace.

*Jen.* By Cats blood, her will goe to the Devill and her list, what is that to her?

*Infor.* Cry you mercy, your name is Master *Jenkin*.

*Jen.* And what have her to say to Master *Ienkin*? *Ienkin* is as good names as her owne, pray you was good Gentleman as her selfe, know very well, say you now?

*Infor.* Godboy, sir.

*Jen.* Boyes, does her call her boyes? harke you her? her name is *Ienkin*, her be no boyes, no children.

*Infor.* I will not be used so.

*Ien.* Her shall bee us'd worse, and her call *Jenkin* boyes, was knocke as tall a man as her selfe, an welsh plood bee up, looke you.

*Infor.* Can she love *Rufido*? 'tis impossible.

*Ien.* Piple pables, 'tis very possible.

*Infor.* His body has more diseases than an Hospitall, an hunger-staru'd Rascall.

D

*Ien.*



*Ien.* Raskals ? *sheshu* ! was never such names and appellations put upon her, awle her dayes, Becar her will make you you eat up awle her words and ignominies, or her plade shall make holes in your bellies diggon.

*Infor.* A very puffle, a weake Canniball.

*Ien.* Hey, puffle, and Cannibals, if the Devill bee in your mouthes, her will picke your teeths with her welsh plade, and pay you for all your puffles, and Cannibals, warrant her.

*Infor.* But 'tis her fault alone impudent woman.

Oh, may you like *Narcissus* perith by  
Your face, the fall of others, or unpityed  
Of heaven and earth, dye loathsome ! I could curse.

*Ien.* Her can curse, and sweare too. looke you now.

*Infor.* Pardon divinest sex, passions doe force  
My reason from me, I doe submit,  
Crave pardon, as your creature.

*Ien.* Nay, and her crave pardons, and make submissions,  
*Jenkin* was put up awle her angers and indignations, fare-  
well.

*Exit cum Iocarello.*

*Infor.* Oh, *Selina* !

Thou art too much an Adamant  
To draw my soule unto thee, either be  
Softer, or lesse attractive : but *Rufaldo*,  
'Tis depth of witchcraft, oh, I could be mad,  
Beyond all patience mad, it is some malice  
Hath laid this poyson on her.

*Enter Gorgon with a letter.*

*Gor.* Here's *Infortunio*. Alas, poore Gentleman, little does he thinke what blacke and white is here, a bitter handfull of commendations to him, my young Mistris is mad of the old Cocks-combe, and will marry him almost without asking; I cannot tell, but if shee doe not cuckold him, and make him crye cornes on his toes ere hee dye, hee has fooles fortune, for a wise man would bee out of hope to avoyd it, he spies me.

*Inf.* Whither running, *Gorgon* ?

*Gorg.*



*Gorg.* Not out of my wit, Sir, I have a Letter from my yong Mistris *Selina*, must in all haste have cleanly conveyance to old *Rufaldo*.

*Inf.* Let me but see the directions. To my beloved friend Master *Rufaldo*: 'tis a lye, she was mistaken, it was I should owe this appellation, Ile not beleve the superscription, 'tis a painted face, I'de see the heart on't.

*Gorg.* I hope, sir, you will not throw open the sheert, and discover my Mistris secrets? How he stares!

*Inf.* If you love me, and wish me constant, bee your owne friend, and let our marriage day begin with the next morning: thine, mine. Oh *Selina*, she's mad. All womankind is mad; and I am mad: whom shall I rend in peeces for my wrongs, and as with Atomes fill this poysoned Ayre, *Rufaldo*? Stay, is not she a creature rationall? Oh no, there is no sparke of nature in her, all is funke, lost for ever: stay, stay, see.

*Gorg.* He has made a Taylors bill on't, torn't a peeces ere it be discharg'd: What shall I doe?

*Inf.* This is *Medias* brother torne in peeces,  
And this the way where she with *Iason* flies,  
*Tom Colchos*, come not neere 'em, see, looke,  
That's an arme rent off.

*Gorg.* This?

*Inf.* And the hand beckens us  
To cry out murder.

*Gorg.* Ile but hold it by the hand.

*Inf.* That's a leg o'th boy.

*Gorg.* This sir, a leg, it shall goe with me then.

*Inf.* There, there 'tis, head and yellow curled locks,  
His eyes are full of teares, now they doe stare,  
To see where all his other members lye.

*Gorg.* So I have all his quarters, Ile presently, sir, get poles for 'em, and hang 'em upon the Gates in their postures for you.

*Exit.*

*Inf.* But she and *Iason* are both slipt, and *Argos* is  
Sayling home to Greece, see how the waves

Doe tesse the Vessell, and the windes conspire  
 To dash it 'gainst a Rocke, it rides upon  
 A watery mountaine, and is hid in clouds,  
 It cannot stay there, now, now, it tumbles,  
 Three fatham beneath Hell, let 'em goe,  
 Here comes the father of *Medea* now,  
 Calling in vaine unto the gods, and spies  
 His Sonnes limbes throwne about, in stead of flowers,  
 To his Daughters nuptials he does take 'em up,  
 He knowes the face, and now he teares his haire,  
 And raves, and cries *Medea*, poore old man,  
 Command a funerall pile for thy young Child,  
 And lay the pretty limbes on, from whose ashes  
 Shalt have another Sonne i'th shape of *Phœnix*.  
 Shail I? excellent! Prepare a fire  
 All of sweet wood for my sweet boy, a fire, a fire. *Exit.*

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*Actus tertius, Scena prima.*

*Enter Rufildo.*

*Ruf.* 'Tis now early day: fie, what a long night hath this  
 beene? the Sunne went drunke to bed the last night, and  
 could not see to rise this morning: I could hardly winke, I  
 am sure, love kept me waking, and the expectation of this  
 my wedding day did so caper in my braines, I thought of  
 nothing but dancing the shaking of the sheets with my sweet-  
 heart. It is certaine, I am yong every body now tels mee,  
 so it did appeare by *Selina's* consenting so soone to love, for  
 when I had but broke the Ice of my affection, shee fell over  
 head and cares in love with me; was ever man so happy as I  
 am? I doe feele, I doe feele my yeeres fall off, as the raine  
 from a man that comes dropping in, I doe feele my selfe every  
 day grow yonger and yonger still, let mee see, an hundred  
 yeeres hence, if I live to't, I shall bee new out of my teenes,  
 and running into yeeres of discretion agen: Well, I will  
 now



now to Master *Cornelius*, and bid 'em good morrow with a noyse of Musicians, and to see the very talking of Musicke, how my heart leapes and dances, at my wedding already! I have bespoke the Parson to marry us, and have promised a double fee for expedition. O now I am so proud of my Joy, my feet doe not know what ground they stand on.

*Exit.*

*Enter Jenkin and Jocarello.*

*Jen.* *Jenkin* has risen very early this mornings, and beene in studies and contemplations, to make ditties and verses upon her Mistris beauties and pulchritudes, but the Devil's sure in these Poetries, they call it Furies and Raptures, look you, but *Jenkins* pate is almost mad, and yet her cannot awle her inventions meete with these Furies and Raptures.

*Enter Selina in Shepheards weeds.*

*Sel.* Thus farre I have past without discovery: the morning is auspicious to my flight. *Selina*, what an alteration hath a day made in thee, that to prevent thy so desired marriage, thou art thus lost in a masculine habit, and dost flie him? thou didst so much love aged *Rufaldo*, in what a Lethargy wert thou false, *Selina*?

*Jen.* *Jocarello*, does her nor name *Selina*? 'tis no very good manners to make interruptions, her will heare more, looke you.

*Sel.* Whither had reason so withdrawne it selfe?  
I could not make distinction of a man,  
From such a heape of age, aches and rheume:  
Sure I was mad, and doth increase my fury,  
To thinke with what a violence I ran  
To imbrace such rottenesse. O my guilty soule  
Doth feele the punishment of the injury  
I did to *Infortunio* of late,  
Of whom as I despaire, so shall the world,  
Ever to know againe haplesse *Selina*.  
This is the morne the sacred Rites should tie  
Me to *Rufaldo*, ripe in expectation,

But like *Ixion* he shall graspe a Cloud,  
 My empty cloathes at home, *Selina* thus  
 Is turn'd a Shepheard, and will trie her fortune;  
 Hardby the Shepheards have their shady dwellings,  
 There let *Selina* end her haplesse dayes,  
 Father and all farewell. Thus as *Felice*  
 My other Sister, Ile weare out my life,  
 Farre from your knowledge: sacred love commands  
 Revenge and justice for my cruelty,  
 And reason now awak'd shall lead me to it,  
 Thus I am safe, I goe to finde out that,  
 Will meet mee every where, a just sad fate. *Exit.*

*Ien.* Pages, have her seene treames and apparitions? hark  
 you, was *Selina* turn'd Shepheardeffe, pray you?

*Ioc.* Either wee dreame, or this was *Selina*, your Mistris  
 that is turn'd into breeches, and become a Shepheard; the  
 case is altered.

*Ien.* What a revill is in the matters and busineses, pray  
 you? cases never was knowen such cases and alterations in  
 awle her life, womans never weare preeches in Wales, 'tis  
 not possible, we are awle in treames and visions, very treames  
 and visions.

*Ioc.* Sure we are awle awak'd, sir, and it was *Selina*, did  
 shee not say shee would obscure her selfe from her Fathers  
 knowledge, and live among the Shepheards hard by?

*Ien.* It maybe, but it is very impossible.

*Enter Cornelio, Rufaldo, Antonio, Hilaria.*

*Cor.* I am amaz'd, when was she seene?

*Ant.* Not to day, sir, I have searcht her Chamber, and al-  
 most turn'd it out ath' window, but no *Selina*.

*Ruf.* It is very strange, is not your man *Gorgon* come back?

*Cor.* What should this meane, it is a strange absence,  
 ath' wedding day too.

*Ruf.* That angers me most, sir.

*Cor.* My heart misgives mee, some fatall accident upon  
 my life, is hapned to her.

*Enter*



*Enter a Servant.*

*Ruf.* Hast thou happy newes?

*Ser.* I have travelled all the Towne o're, and can meet no intelligence of her.

*Cor.* Be dumbe, night-Raven, she's lost, she's lost,  
The Fates sure make conspiracy to take  
My Daughters from me : one I lost because  
I would not give her, and I have repented.  
Full justice for it, and am I so unhappy  
To lose *Selina* too? but Ile not sleepe,  
Untill I finde her either alive or dead.

*Rufaldo*, you have interest in this sorrow,  
Joyne in the inquisition. Oh my Girle *Selina*.

*Exit.*

*Ruf.* Have I beene yong for this? if I finde her not, I will  
run, I will run, I will run mad, mad.

*Exit.*

*Ant.* No more, I know where her clothes be : if it take,  
applaud my invention : I have coozened my owne Father  
before now, and I will trie new conclusions, but I must have  
thy assistance and secrecie : if my Sister have a conceit of  
mirth to put upon us, I may chance put her to prove her selfe  
*Selina*, or remove her with a *Habeas corpus*.

*Exeunt Antonio, Hillaria.*

*Ien.* *Iocastelloes*, awle is true, *Selina* is gone in Shepheards  
vestiments to the woods and Forrests, but her will make tra-  
vels and ambulations after her: never was Sentilman ith' hole  
world love as *Ienkin* now, to make journeyes and peregrina-  
tions for a womans, looke you : but if her finde her, as know  
her very well, her will there make awle sure works and per-  
formances, warrant you Pages, here is moneyes, pray you  
make provisions of breads and victuals too, know vds are  
very bare places, and *Sbenkin* was alwayes have cud stomacks  
and appetites, looke you, pray you, doe, pray you, doe.

*Exeunt.*

C O M-

## COMPLEMENT-SCHOOLE.

*Enter Gasparo habited punctually, Master of the Schoole,  
and Gorgon his Usher.*

*Gasp.* Bee the hangings up, *Curculio*, and all the Chaires and Stooles put into method? the day is old, mee thinkes, time runs fast, mee thinkes, upon the minute, brings my disciples. Doe my bills of complement still relish, *Curculio*, doe they please the pallat, ha?

*Gorg.* My most ingenious and noble Criticotaster, bravely bills, pils you should say, not fac'd, but lin'd, with gold they swallow 'em greedily, and still flocke to 'em, and conglomerate my sonne and heire of the Muses: a proclamation is as quiet as the poore mans box, no man lookes after it, not a Balladmonger has any audierce: but happy is the man that rides first poast to your papers and cries admirable: your old men looke upon 'em with their spectacles, as they would eye an obligation within a minute of forfeiture.

*Gasp.* Thou hast eaten up the furies already, and speakest all buskins, but close walke in the clouds, yet I have not heard of any Mountebanke of wit durst ever attempt to set up shop ath' trade ye: but whist Usher, take your place.

*Enter Bubulcus.*

*Gorg.* Foot'tis *Bubulcus*.

*Bub.* This is the Complement-Schoole. *He dances.*

*Gorg.* Three cuts and a half, hey. I give you, sir, generous salutation, and with a faire morne descend upon you: thrice Noble Spirit, welcome, does your worship desire to be sprinkled with the drops of *Hellicon*, to gather the Pippins of *Parnassus*, and have your forehead fillited with *Apollinean* Bayes, or Laurell?

*Bub.* Troth, sir, I doe not know how to consier what you say, although I know it be Latine, sir: the cause of my comming to you, is to let you underitand, that here is a Complement-Schoole, and I have great desire to bee taught some of your figaries, and brave words, I doe meane to pay  
for't



for't soundly too, sir: I thanke my starres, as they say, I have ready mony about me.

Gorg. You shall bee verberated, and reverberated, my exact peece of stolidity: please you draw neere, there is the starre of Eloquence, under whom I am an *Hypodidascall*, in English, his Usher.

Bub. A Gentleman Usher at least.

Gorg. Approach without feare: here is a Pupill, sir, desires to sucke the hony of your eloquence, hee is a Gentleman in Folio.

Gasp. Your accession is gratefull, my most gentile lump of insipience: what complement doth arride the pallate of your generositie?

Bub. What sayes he pray, in English?

Gorg. Hee askes what kinde of verbosity you would bee practis'd in? because I perceive you are raw, I will descend to your capacity, hee askes what Complement you would learne?

Bub. Why looke you, sir, I would have two kindes of Complements: for, sir, I am in love, and I am in hate.

Gasp. How? in love, and hate too?

Bub. Yes, I am in love with a Wench, and would have a delicate speech for her, and I am in hate with a Gentleman, a yong Animall, and I would kill him now without danger of the Law: to tell you true, he did abuse me in the presence of my sweet-heart, and did (siving this good company) kisse my backside.

Gorg. How?

Bub. But it was with his foot, sir: now in regard I have not the heart to kill him with my sword, I would cut him in peeces, and murder him with mouth-guns: looke you, sir, here's money, please your selfe: but I pray you give mee a powdering speech, for I would blow him up: I beseech you, if ever you put gall into your Inke, make it a bitter speech.

Gasp. Sir, I will draw you a sublime speech shall conjure him.

*Bub.* Pray doe, for he has a great spirit in him.

*Gasp.* Usher, in the meane time entertaine him with some copie of amorous complement.

*Gorg.* There is an Ushers fee belongs to my place.

*Bub.* Here's gold for your fee, I received it for good fee simple, I am sure.

*Gorg.* Simple, I am sure: so, fir, looke you, I should teach you to make a leg first, but these postures anon.  
 Resplendent Mistris, for thy face doth farre  
 Excell all other, like a blazing Starre  
 We mortals wonder at, vouchsafe to cast  
 Out of those sparkling Diamond eyes thou hast,  
 A sacred influence on thy vowed creature,  
 That is confounded with thy forme and feature.

*Bub.* Admirable!

*Gorg.* Goddesse of *Cyprus*.

*Bub.* Stay, I doe not like that word *Cypres*, for shee'lle thinke I meane to make Hatbands on her, cannot you call her *Taffata* Goddesse, or if you goe to stufte, cloth a Gold were richer.

*Gorg.* Oh ther's a conceit, *Cyprus* is the embleme of morning, and here by *Cyprus* you declare how much you pine and mourne after her, fir.

*Bub.* Very good, pray you goe on.

*Gorg.* Goddesse of *Cyprus*, *Venus* is a slut.

*Bub.* Stay, who doe I call slut now? the Goddesse of *Cyprus*, *Venus*, or my Love?

*Gorg.* You doe tell the Goddesse, that *Venus* is a slut.

*Bub.* I doe so.

*Gor.* For thou art *Venus* faire, and she is not.

*Bub.* How is she *Venus* faire, when that I call her slut to her face?

*Gorg.* No fir, your love is *Venus* faire, and she is not:  
 That makes plaine the other, that she is a slut.  
 O that I were a flea upon thy lip,  
 There would I sucke for ever, and not skip.

*Bub.* Sucke?

*Gorg.*



*Gorg.* That is, you would not bite her by the lip.  
Or if thou think'st I there too high am plasht,  
Ile be content to sucke below thy waste.

*Bub.* Which side she please.

*Gorg.* Thy foote I'de willing kisse, but that I know,  
Thou wouldst not have thy servant stoope so low.  
She will give you leave to kisse higher.  
Oh speake thou, wilt be mine? and I will be  
The truest Worme e're trod on shoo to thee.

*Bub.* Worme?

*Gorg.* By Worme you doe insinuate and wriggle your  
selfe into your affection, and she by shoo will conceive your  
desire the length of her foote: how doe you like it, sir?

*Bub.* I would not for forty pounds but I had come to  
complement: why, I shall bee able in a small time to put  
downe a reasonable Gentlewoman.

*Gorg.* Oh, any ordinary Lady, you must get it without  
Booke. Now to make your legs.

*Bub.* I have two made to my hands.

*Gorg.* Oh, by no meanes, your legs are made to your feete.

*Enter Delia.*

*Gasp.* Beauty and graces dwell upon the face  
Of my disciple *Delia*.

*Del.* Muses inspire you: what at study?

*Gasp.* Negotiating a little with the Muses.

*Gorg.* See me salute her.

As many happinesse waite on *Delia*,  
As beames shoot from the Sunne this pleasant morne.

*Del.* As many thanks requite you, as that Sunne  
Is old in minutes since the day begun.

*Bub.* What's she, *Curculio*?

*Gorg.* Her Mistresses best moveable, a Chamber-maide.

*Bub.* She is an early riser: at Schoole so soone?

*Gorg.* She is an early riser, and yet sometime as soon down  
as up, she cannot be quiet for the Servingmen, 'tis her houre  
betweene eight a clocke and her Mistris rising, to come to  
discipline.

*Bub.* 'Tis a pretty smug Wench, is her name *Delia*? shee has a pretty name too.

*Gorg.* Oh, fir, all her credit is in her good name: it was *Diana's* the Goddesse of chastity, and therefore when shee marries, shee may cuckold her Husband by a privilege, for *Diana* gave hornes to *Adam*.

*Enter a Servingman.*

*Ser.* Where's Master Criticotaster?

*Gasp.* Who's that?

*Ser.* Sir, my Master has sent you a little gold, hee desires you send him the speech hee should speake at Sessions in the Country, he's now riding downe.

*Gasp.* Sir *Valentine Wantbraine*, that has never a Clarke?

*Ser.* The same, Sir.

*Gasp.* Newly put into Commission for the peace, being puisne, it falls to him to give the charge. I have drawne it, let me see in *Comitatu, &c.* here, read it, *Curculio*, he may the better instruct his Master, a touch, a touch.

*Gorg.* Good men of the Jury for this Session, I will not implicate you with ambages and circumstances, I am unwilling to confound your little wits with affected divisions of my narration, into *quis, quid, quomodo, and quando*: I will neither utter by grosse, nor part my speech into a doozen of long points, knotted often in the middle, and vntag'd in the end; you are to present Malefactors, whereof you are the chiefe ——— Reformers, and seeing you stand ready for your charge, I will give fire to this great peece of service, and send you all off with a powder, that in any case we may goe to dinner betimes, &c.

*Gasp.* So, 'tis enough: beare my respects to your Master, tell him 'tis a speech will doe him credit, bid him learne it perfectly without Booke.

*Gorg.* And doe you heare, if he chance to bee at a *nonplaw*, he may helpe himselfe with his beard and handkercher, or it will bee a good posture for his hand now and then to bee fumbling with his bandstrings. Farewell.

*Exit Servant.*

*Enter*



*Enter Mistris Medulla.*

*Gasp.* Mistris *Medulla*, the Sunne of honour shine upon your hopes, till it sublime you to a Ladiship : I will attend you presently.

*Med.* Sirra, bid your fellow make ready the Caroch, and attend mee here about an houre hence, I will ride home.

*Bub.* What Gentlewoman is that ?

*Gor.* An old Country Gentlewoman, that hath buried her Husband lately, and comes up to be a Lady, for shee swears she will not marry any more Gentlemen : shee is fallen out with a Justice of Peaces wife in the Country, and shee will have a Knight, though she pay for his Horse-hire, to spight her neighbours.

*Gasp.* A word with you, sir.

*Bub.* Your friend and Master *Bubulcw*. Ha you done, sir ?

*Gasp.* The Cupidinæan fires burne in my brest,  
And like the Oven *Etna*, I am full  
Of Squibs and Crackers.

*Bub.* This will powder him.

*Gorg.* Lady, wounded by your beauty, I will acknowledge mercy if you kill me not, yet rather murther mee, than vulnerate still your creature, unlesse you meane to medicine where you have hurt, and I implore no better remedy than I may derive from the instrument wherewith you pierced me, like *Achilles* Speare ; your eye having shot lightning into my brest, hath power with a smile to fetch out the consuming fire, and yet leave my heart inflam'd.

*Del.* Sir, although where I am not guilty of offence, I might deny justly, to descend to a satisfaction : yet rather then I would bee counted a murtherer, I would study to preserve so sweet a modell as your selfe ; and since you desire my eye which enflamed you, should with the vertue of a gracious smile make you happy in your fire, it shall shine as you would have it, and disclaime that beame shall shine upon another object.

*Gorg.* So, very well, this is your canning lesson.

*Knocke within.*

*Gasp.* Some strangers, *Curculio*.

*Gorg.* Sir, the Country comes in upon us.

*Enter an old man with his Sonne.*

*Old.* Is not here a Complement-Schoole?

*Gasp.* A Schoole of generous education, sir.

*Old.* I have brought my Sonne to bee a Scholler, I doe meane to make him a Courtier, I have an offer of five or six Offices for my money, and I would have him first taught to speake.

*Bub.* He is a great childe, cannot he speake yet?

*Gasp.* In what kinde of Complement, please you, venerable Sir, to be doctinated? But we will withdraw.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Come, for another lesson, my brave *Mars*,  
Now I am fit to quarrell with the Starres,  
And catch at *Jove*.

*Bub.* What's hee?

*Gorg.* *Orlando Furioso*.

*Gent.* By the blood-stain'd fauchion of *Manors* I will carbonado thee, keepe off, or in my fury I will cut thee into Atomes, and blow thee about the world.

*Bub.* I hope he does but complement.

*Gent.* I will out-labour *Ive-borne Hercules*,  
And in a great fury ranfack Hell:  
Teare from the Sisters their contorted curls,  
And wrack the Destinies on *Ixions* Wheele,  
Braine *Proserpine* with *Sisiphs* rowling stone,  
And in a brazen Caldron choakt with Lead,  
Boyle *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Radamant*,  
Throw *Pluto* headlong into moorish Fennes,  
And footy Regions.  
Dam up *Cocytus* with tormented soules,  
And batter downe the brazen gates of Hell,  
Make the Infernall three-chapt Band-dog rore.  
Cram *Tantalus* with Apples, lash the Fiends

With



With Whips of Snakes, and poysoned Scorpions,  
Snatch chain'd *Prometheus* from the Vultures maw,  
And feede him with her liver, make old *Charon*  
Waite backe againe the soules, or buffet him  
With his owne Oares to death.

*Gorg.* So, so, 'tis well, you shall take forth a new lesson,  
sit downe and breache.

*Bub.* 'Twas a devillish good speech.

*Enter a Justice of Peaces Clerke, Ingeniow.*

*Ing.* Oh, why did nature make thee faire and cruell?

*Bub.* What spruce fellow's this?

*Gor.* He is an hundred and fifty pounds a yard in *potentia*,  
a Yeomans sonne, and Justice of Peaces Clarke, he is in love  
with a Farmers daughter, and thus hee speakes his passion in  
blanke verse.

*Inge.* Thou art some Goddesse, that to amaze the earth  
With thy celestially presence, hath put on  
The habit of a mortall, gods sometimes  
Would visite Countrey houses, and guild ore  
A sublunary habitation  
With glory of their presence, and make Heaven  
Descend into an Hermitage: Sure thy father  
Was *Maius* sonne, disguis'd in Shepherds weeds,  
And thou dost come from *Iove*, no marvell then  
We Swaines doe wonder at thee, and adore,  
*Venus* her selfe, the Queene of *Cytheron*,  
When she is riding through the milky way,  
Drawne with white Doves, is but a blowze, and must,  
When thou appearest, leave her Bird-drawne Coach,  
And give the reines to thee, and trudge afoot  
Along the Heavenly plaines, paved with starres,  
In duty of thy excellence, while the gods  
Looking amaz'd from their cristall windowes,  
Wonder what new-come Deity doth call  
Them to thy adoration.

*Bub.* O, heavenly Farmers daughter!

*Gr.*

*Gor.* Ile call him in; *Ingenio!*

*Cl.* Your servant, sir. Lady, I kisse your hand, and reverence the antiquity of your vestment, *Delia*. Fortune let fall her riches on thy head, that thou maist fill thy apron. I am your humble observicer, and wish you all cumulations of prosperity.

*Bub.* Sir, I desire to sucke below your waste.

*Cl.* I doe evacuate my selfe to be your shadowes, my generous condisciples.

*Gor.* This is Scholler-like.

*Bub.* Hee's one of the head forme, I warrant.

*Enter Gasparo, the old man and his sonne.*

*Gasp.* Sir, I receive your sonne, and will winde up his ingeny, feare it not, but first he must be under my Usher, who must teach him the postures of his body, how to make legs and cringes, and then he shall be advanced to a higher Classe. *Curculio*, licke him with your method into some proportion, take off the roughnesse of his behaviour, and then give him the principles of salutation.

*Old.* Law you there, boy, he will teach you the principles of saltation. Well, good-morrow, sir, Ile leave my Jewell.

*Gor.* Your Jewell may have the grace to bee hang'd one day.

*Enter Jenkin.*

*Exit old man.*

*Jen.* Blesse you Gentlemen awle, and your studies and contemplations: is here a Schoole of Complements, pray you?

*Gasp.* A place of generous breeding.

*Jen.* Generous preeding, harke you, her name was *Jenkin*, a good Gentleman, 'tis knowne, her take no pleasures and delectations in urds and phrascs of Rhetricks; Welsemen have awle hearts and fidelities, marke you, her was going along pout creat businesse, but casting her eyes and visions upon your Pils and significations of your skills & professions, looke you, her come in, to see the fashions and manners of your exercises, and yet if your urships has any Madrigals and Pastorall Canticles, looke you, for in truths and verities



ties was going now to the Uds and Forrests, and meane to turne Shepheards goddillings, her will give you good payments of awle your inventions, and Muses, pray you now.

*Gasp.* Amorous Pastorals? I can furnish you, venerable fir.

*Turne, Amarillis, to thy Swaine,  
Thy Damon calls thee backe againe,  
Here is a pretty Arbor by,  
Where Apollo cannot pry,  
Here let's sit, and while I play  
Sing to my pipe a Roundelay.*

How like you it, fir?

*Jen.* Roundelays very good, here is moneyes and considerations, looke you.

*Gor.* We acknowledge your bounty, my Tenth-worthy.

*Gasp.* So Mistris, I have trespass'd on your patience, now I will take occasion by the fore-locke. You can say your lecture: have you your hand-kercher ready, that when a Sutor comes, you may put him off with wiping your eyes, as if teares stood in 'em ever since your Husband was buried: well, suppose I have had accessse to your Chamber, I begin, Lady, thinke it not strange, if Love which is active in my bosome, force me to turne petitioner, that I may be reckoned amongst your servants; all my ambition, sweetest, is to be made happy in your affection, which I will study to deserve in my utmost possibilities.

*Med.* Alas, alas, I had a husband.

*Gasp.* Very well counterfeited, nay weepe not, those eyes were made to shine, not waste with dew: if it bee for the remembrance of him you have lost, recover him againe, by placing your good opinion on a man shall sweat to doe you services.

*Med.* It doth not, fir, become our modesty  
To talke of love so soone, you will renew  
My passion for his losse, and draw downe teares  
Afresh upon his Hearse: you doe not well  
T'oppresse a widdow thus, I pray, fir, leave me,  
Atleast I will enjoyne you, if you stay,

To speake no more of love, it is unwelcome.

What, am I perfect?

*Gasp.* So 'twas very well, at the next lesson you shall learne to be more cunning.

*Gor.* Wilt please you heare the Novice?

*Gasp.* Good boy, speake out.

*Offe.* God save you, fir, felicities bee accumulated upon you, fir, I thanke you generous fir, you oblige mee to bee your servant, fir, in all my — p — o — s — s — possibility, fir, I honour your remembrance, fir, and shall be proud to doe you my observance, fir, most noble fir.

*Gasp.* Very hopefull now: a repetition all together, the more, the merrier.

*They all rehearse at once.*

*Enter Infortunio.*

*Infor.* What, at Barley-breake? which couple are in hell? are not you *Hellen*, whose insatiate lust ruin'd faire *Illiun*? and you fir *Paris* with a golden nose? harke you, *Rufaldo* is married to *Selina*.

*Bub.* Who? that's my father in Law.

*Infor.* How, your father? looke, hee has cloven feete I am glad I have found you, what are you in hell for?

*Gasp.* Insinuate to 'em all for their owne safeties, hee's desperate mad, bid none stirre hence.

*Infor.* Hey, how came you all thus damn'd?

*Ien.* Damn'd, who's damn'd? is *Ienkin* damn'd?

*Gasp.* I beseech you, fir, to maintaine the credit of my Schoole, I shall be undone else, humour him a little.

*Ien.* Will you have her be damn'd? when here you pray a Welshman was damn'd? of all things in the urld, her cannot abide to be damn'd.

*Gor.* See if you can roare him away.

*Gent.* Keepe off, I am *Hercules*, sonne of *Alcmena*, Compress'd by *Love*, Ile carbonado thee.

*Infor.* How, art thou *Hercules*?

*Strikes him downe.*

Lie there, usurper of *Alcides* name,

Bold Centaure: so he's dead, by this I prove

I am



I am love borne.

*Ien.* Well, for your credits and reputations, her care not to be damn'd for companies and fellowships, looke you, has hee knock'd him downe? would hee had knock'd *Jenkin* downe.

*Infer.* Now, on with your relations, and tell mee all the stories of your fortunes.

'Tis I am *Hercules*, sent to free you all.

What are you damn'd for? In this Club behold All your releasements. What are you?

*Gor.* Stand in order and be damn'd.

*Casp.* I am the conscience of an Usurer,  
Who have beene damn'd these two and twenty yeeres,  
For lending money *gratis*.

*Infer.* How, a Usurer? why didst not  
Corrupt the Devill to fetch thy soule away?  
Heele take a bribe for lending money *gratis*.

*Gasp.* Yes, sir, for thanks: I tooke no interest,  
For at the lending of each hundred pound,  
They brought me home some twenty or thirty thanks,  
Indeed 'twas paid in gold.

*Infer.* Oh golden thanks! well, goe to, Ile release you,  
Upon condition you shall build an Hospitall,  
And die a begger. What are you?

*Gor.* The soule of a Watchman.

*Infer.* How came you damn'd? could not you watch the  
Devill?

*Gorg.* He tooke mee napping on Midsummer Eve, and I  
never dream't on him.

*Infer.* Your wife had given you Opium over night.

*Gor.* No sir, I had watch'd three nights before, and be-  
cause I would not winke at two or three drunkards as they  
went reeling home at twelve a clocke at night, the Devill  
owed me a spight.

*Infer.* Well, you shall bee prentice to an Alcumist, and  
watch his Stills night by night, not sleepe till hee get the  
Philosophers-stone. What are you?

*Del.* Sir, I am a Chamber-maid.

*Infor.* What are you damn'd for?

*Del.* Not for revealing my Mistris secrets, for I kept them better than mine owne, but keeping my maiden-head till it was stale, I am condemn'd to lead Apes in hell.

*Infor.* Alas, poore wench, upon condition you will bee wise hereafter, and not refuse Gentlemens proffers, learne pride every day, and painting, bestow a courtesie now and then upon the Apparitor to keepe counsell, I release you, take your Apes, and Monkies away with you, and bestow them on Gentlewomen, and Ladies, that want play-fellowes. What are you?

*Cle.* I am an Undersheriffe, sir, damn'd because I told the debtors, writs were out against 'em, brought 'em to composition without arrests, favoured poore men for a whole yeere together, was very good in my Office, gave up a just account at the yeeres end, and broke.

*Infor.* Oh, miracle! an honest man! thou shalt be Churchwarden to a Parish, draw the presentments, and keepe the poore mens box for seven yeeres together, 'tis pittie, but thou shouldest have fifty wives, to propagate honest generation. What are you?

*Med.* A Justices wife ith' Countrie, sir.

*Infor.* And who drew your *wittinnes* hither? what are you damn'd for?

*Med.* For refusing Sattin gownes, and velvet petticoats, turning backe Capons at Christmas, and Sessions times, and making much of one of my husbands servants, meerely for his honesty and good service towards me.

*Infor.* 'Tis injustice, you shall bury your Husband quickly, weare some blackes a while for fashions sake, and within a moneth be married to his Clarke, unlesse you will be divided among the Serving-men. What are you?

*Old mans son.* A younger brother, sir, borne at the latter end of the weeke, and waine of the Moone, put into the world to seeke my owne fortune, got a great estate of wealth by gaming and wenching, and so purchas'd unhappily



pily this state of damnation you see mee in.

*Infor.* Came you in't by purchase ? then you doe not claime it by your fathers interest as an heire : well, I will ease you of the estate, because it is litigious, and you shall make presently a bargaine and sale of it to a Scrivener, that shall buy it of you, and pay you both his eares downe upon the naile for it. What are you ?

*Bub.* I am a Horse-courser.

*Infor.* And couldst not thou out-ride the Devill ?

*Bub.* I had not the grace to mend my pace, I was an honest Horse-courser, and suffered every foole to ride me, I knew not what belonged to horse-play, let the world kicke at me, I never winc'd, all that I am damn'd for, is, that desiring to thrive in the world, and to have good lucke to horse-flesh, I ambled to the bed of a Parsons wife that was coltish once, and gave her husband a Horse for't in good fashion, hee never gave me godamercy for't, indeed it prov'd afterwards to have the Yellowes.

*Infor.* There was some colour for't: well, since your occupation is foundred, you shall trot every day afoot, and walke a knave in the Horse-faire. What are you ?

*Ien.* Her have no minde at all to be damn'd, becar her will fight with her and kill awle the Devils in hell : diggon.

*Gorg.* Sfoot, heres more adoe to get one Welshman damn'd, than a whole Nation. Sir, 'tis but in jest.

*Ien.* In jests, is it in jests ? well, looke you, her will be contented to be damn'd in jests, and merriments for you.

*Infor.* You will tell me what you are damn'd for ?

*Ien.* And her bee so hot, was get some bodyes else to bee damn'd for *Ienkin*, her will tell her in patiences, looke you, her was damn'd for her valour, and ridding the urld of Monsters, looke you, Dragons with seven heads, and Serpents with tayles a mile long, pray you.

*Infor.* Oh, let me embrace thee, worthy in my armes, Ile charme the Destinies for their bold attempt, for cutting off thy threed, thou shalt cut their throats, and be instald Lord in *Elisum*. Oh, let me hug thee, *Owen Glandower*.

*Ien.* Owen Glandower was her cousin pray you.

*Infor.* Goe your wayes all : stay, take hence *Prometheus* and bury him, if you come into hell againe, there's no release-ment.

*Ien.* So, farewell Gentlemen, now her meane to make travels and peregrinations, to the uds and plaines, looke you, very fast. Good speed to awle. *Exit.*

*Gorg.* We thanke thee Joviall *Hercules*.

*Gasp.* Live long thou King of hell. So, so, well done of all sides, here our Schoole breakes up, I might have runne mad like, had I not taken off the edge of melancholy.

Thus poore Gentleman. O Love thou art a madnesse,  
Drawing our soules with joy, to kill with sadnesse.

*Infor.* So, so, poore soules, how glad they are of liberty. This is a hot house, I doe scorch and broyle : Ile seeke the Elisian fields out, and dye there.

*Actus quartus, Scena prima.*

*Enter Antonio drest in Selinaes apparell, with Hillaria.*

*Ant.* Have I not done my part, wench, with confidence to proceed thus farre with thy father? either I am infinitely like my sifter, or they are all mad with credulity : but our good fathers are blinded with their passions, and that helps mee much : well, I doe but thinke upon the nights worke, there lyes my master-piece, I have it, 'tis for thy sake *Hillaria*, I have assum'd this habit, the end will speake it.

*Hil.* But what will you doe? *Antonio* is lost now.

*Ant.* Well enough, is suppos'd to goe after *Selina*, and is not return'd yet, out of my brotherly love, they will imagine I have but taken a journey in quest of a Sifter, time enough to returne agen, and hee goes farre, that never does wench by Story.

*Enter*



*The Schoole of Compliments.*

41

*Enter Bubulcus with his sword.*

Heres *Bubulcus*.

*Bub.* Antonio is gone, no newes of him : I am glad of that, I hope he will come no more.

*Ant.* How now ? what meanes this ? what ! sword drawne ?

*Hil.* And he is whetting it.

*Ant.* For heavens sake, what's the matter ?

*Bub.* Nay, nothing, nothing, I doe but ——— a ———

*Hil.* By my virginity you make mee afraid, what's the matter ?

*Ant.* He meanes to fight with some body on my life.

*Hil.* Heaven defend it, good sir, tell me.

*Bub.* Bee not afraid, Gentlewomen, for I doe but you see.

*Hil.* But what ?

*Bub.* Whet my long knife, some body shall smart for't, but ———

*Ant.* He does meane to challenge some body.

*Hil.* I charge you, if you love, tell me who's your enemy.

*Bub.* Nay, no body, I doe not meane to fight, if I live.

*Ant.* What ?

*Bub.* Nay, nothing, 'sweet Ladies, be not troubled, I doe but sharpen my sword.

*Hil.* Tell me the truth, why ?

*Bub.* I was eating Oysters tother day, and I had never a knife, and so ———

*Ant.* Come, come, there is some other matter in't, pray tell me.

*Bub.* Well, you are my friends, if you chance to heare of any mans death shortly, then say *Bubulcus*.

*Hil.* I hope you doe not meane to kill any man i'th field, you doe make me tremble, Ile assure you.

*Bub.* No, no, sweet-heart, do not tremble, I will but ———  
*He makes a thrust.*

Lose my honour ? Ile be carv'd first.

*Ant.* What a Capon's this ? pray let me perswade you.

*Hil.* And me.

*Bub.*

*Bub.* No, no, 'tis but in vaine to perswade me, I'm resolv'd,  
if you love me, doe not use any arguments:  
The Cupidinæan fires burne in my brest,  
And like the Oven *Etna* I am full  
Of squibs and crackers. I had almost forgot —

*Hil.* The Oven *Etna*, Ile bee baked then: what a fury are  
you in? he lookes like the god of Warre.

*Bub.* The god of Warre? I thinke I have reason. *Hillaria*,  
I must, and I will, and all the world shall not hold me.

*Hil.* But you shall not goe away thus, till you be calmer.

*Bub.* O that I were a flea vpon his lip,  
There would I sucke for ever, and not skip.  
I will carbonado him, his face doth farre  
Excell all other like a blazing starre  
We mortals wonder at. Vouchsafe to cast  
Off the sparkling diamond eyes thou hast:  
O let me goe on, me thy vowed creature,  
That is confounded with thy forme and feature.

*Ant.* Is the foole mad?

*Hil.* He has something in his head, and it were out: but  
here comes our Fathers.

*Enter Cornelio, Ruffaldo.*

*Cor.* *Antonio* not heard of yet?

*Ruf.* This morning we wanted a Bride too, but shee was  
found, mary I cryed for her first. Father, come, my Brother  
*Antonio* is but gone to looke his Sister: ha, my sweet Wench,  
when shal's to bed?

*Enter Gorgon.*

*Cor.* I hope 'tis so, and yet he staies too long. Here's *Gor-*  
*gon*: Sirra, where have you beene all this day?

*Gorg.* Indeed, sir, I have made inquisition, both my tongue  
and my feet have walked, but my Mistris is not to be found  
or heard of, Ile assure you.

*Ruf.* *Gorgon*, hast lost thy senses? here's *Selina*.

*Gorg.* Mistris, then we are all made. — He capers.

*Cor.* But sirra, your Master *Antonio*'s gone.

*Gorg.* Gone in wine, sir, for joy of his sisters finding agen.

*Cor.*



*Cor.* Goe your waies, firra, and either bring me newes of him, or looke mee in the face no more, you'l finde wee jest not.

*Gorg.* Pray', fir, let mee take my journey in the morning, the wedding night is fatall: I hope your worship does but jest, I may bee drunke to night, and wake early enough to bee gone afore day too, I beseech you fir.

*Ant.* Pray', fir, let him stay to night.

*Gorg.* By this hand there he is, where? did not I heare his voyce?

*Cor.* Away firra.

*Gorg.* I have beene mad all this while, and now am like to be my owne man againe: since there is no remedy, Gentiles all, good night.

*Gorgon* begins to be a wandring knight.

*Exit.*

*Cor.* I cannot bee heartily merry: well, let's leave these two without any more ceremonies, 'tis late, all joyes be multiplied on my Sonne and Daughter: good night, I doe comfort my selfe with hope of *Antonio's* returne, and yet feares are great.

*Exit.*

*Ruf.* Lights there: so, so, welcome thou much expected night, I doe salute thy blacke browes: come my *Selina*, shalt finde I have yong blood: *Hillaria*, doe service to your Mother, make her unready.

*Ant.* 'Tis time enough.

*Ruf.* And why should wee lose any? I pray thee let her come. I know 'tis your Virgin modesty, loth to part with a Maidenhead, but it must off: come, prethee bee not idle: why, thou knowest I married thee, *Selina*, as thou lovest me——

*Ant.* Sir, by that love I must entreat you one thing.

*Ruf.* Any thing, sweet-heart.

*Ant.* To ratifie an ancient vow I made.

*Ruf.* Any vowes, what is't?

*Ant.* I vowed when ever I married, my Husband should not lie with me the first night.

*Ruf.* Should any body else?

G

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Not any man.

*Ruf.* Come, 'twas a foolish vow, and must bee broke. Not lie with me the first night? 'twere as nee beyond incon- tinency. I had rather lose halfe my estate, than misse thee but an houre out of mine armes this night.

*Ant.* 'Tis but one night.

*Ruf.* Oh, 'tis an age, a world of time to me: why I have fed of Oister-pies, and rumps of Sparrows a whole moneth, in expectation of the first night, and leave it for a vow?

*Ant.* Indeed you must.

*Ruf.* How? must? come, I know you doe but jest, this is but your device to whet me on, and heighten mee, as if old age at once hath soakt up all my marrow. Harke you, how old doe you thinke I am?

*Ant.* Some threescore and seventeene.

*Ruf.* Out upon thy judgement: why I am not above (by all computation,) six or seven and thirty: I am restor'd, re- newd, when first I lov'd thee, by this hand I was.

*Ant.* I see then you would tire mee, by this beard you must not lie with me to night.

*Ruf.* How? nay then I see you'll try my strength: thus I could force you.

*Antonio throwes him downe.*

She has throwne me downe, I know not how to take it, nor well how to beare it, my bones ake, a pox a *Gasparo*, a my conscience I am an old foole: ha? I will see more, and set a good face on't, you know who I am?

*Ant.* Yes, old *Rufaldo*.

*Ruf.* Ha, old? 'tis so, my spirits faint agen: what did you marry for?

*Ant.* To make an asse of you.

*Ruf.* How?

*Ant.* Thou credulous foole,  
Didst thou imagine I should ever love thee,  
Or lie with thee? but when I have a childe  
Would shame the father: Oh the power of dotage,  
That like an inundation doth o'recome

The



The little world of man, drowne all his reason,  
And leave him spoild, even of his common sense.  
Didst thinke I was a peece of stone sawne out  
By Carvers art, so cold, so out of soule,  
So empty of all fire to warme my blood,  
I'de lie with thee, worse than the frigid Zone,  
Or Isicles that hang on beard, of winter?  
Have I with wearied patience lookt to see,  
When thou'dst lay violent hands upon thy selfe;  
For being so mad, so impudent to love me,  
And wouldst thou bed me too? didst thou not tremble  
To dare the holy Rites and nuptiall Tapers?  
Oh impious sacrilege! hence, goe waste  
Thy selfe with sorrow, pine that halfe-staru'd body,  
Untill thy bones breake thy skinne, and fall  
To dust before thy face: nay, you shall endure me:  
For since y'ave tyed me to you, I will be  
Thy constant Fury, worse than Hags or Night-mare,  
If thou dost talke of Love, or seeke to be  
At reconcilement.

*Ruf.* *Selina*, sweet *Selina*, heare me.

*Ant.* Sweet? Oh villanous presumption!

*Ruf.* What will you doe?

*Ant.* Save a disease, a labour, make an end of you, come  
firra, sweare to observe what I shall impose upon you.

*Ruf.* Oh, any thing, bitter *Selina*.

*Ant.* First, you shall never sollicite me to lye with you.

*Ruf.* Never by this hand, and thanke you too.

*Ant.* Stand bare in my prefence.

*Ruf.* Starke-naked.

*Ant.* Runne of my arrands.

*Ruf.* To the worlds end.

*Ant.* And keep a whore under my nose, nay, I will allow it.

*Ruf.* If you will have it so, I am content.

*Ant.* Sweare, firra.

*Ruf.* Flesh, and blood, I doe sweare.

*Ant.* So, rise. In hope of your conformity, I forbear to let

the punishment bee equall with your deserts.

*Ruf.* Oh, I have married a Devill, I shall bee utterly disgraced, if this bee knowne: Pray sweet wife, let mee begge one request of you, that you would not discredit mee, I will bee content to endure your pleasure, doe not forsake my house, I beseech you that you would lye with my daughter.

*Ant.* Shall you appoint my lodging?

*Ruf.* Oh no, I doe but humbly intreat you will bee pleased to lie with my daughter.

*Ant.* Well, since you submit so respectfully, I will tender your credit in that point upon your good behaviour, are you not well?

*Ruf.* I am the worse for you by forty markes. One thing more, vertuous wife, that you would not tell your father, nor any body else, how you have beaten mee: Goodnight, sweet vertuous wife.

*Exit.*

*Ant.* Ha, ha, *Hillaria*, my way to thee is free, I have beat my passage, and I come to thee.

*Enter Felice like a Shepheardesse, Selina, Shepheards.*

*Scl.* I had thought the woods and such wilde groves as  
Had beene the house of rapine, and could not (these,  
Afford humanity; beasts, and men like them,  
Are wont to make such places desolate:  
Did Nature make you thus at first, and are  
We that have Cities, house and Civill Lawes,  
More rude than you? or hath all vertue chose  
You as divine earth to dwell upon?  
Shepheardesse, indeed I am in love  
With your wilde kingdome here, and would not be  
A King abroad, if I might be a subject  
With such faire Nymphs as you.

*1. Shep.* Oh sonne, you would say so,  
When our pleasures all you know:  
We are not oppress'd with care,  
With which you in Cities are,

*A Shep-*



A Shepheard is a King, whose Throne  
Is a mossie Mountaine, on  
Whose top we sit, our crooke in hand,  
Like a Scepter of command,  
Our subjects sheepe grazing below,  
Wanton frisking to and fro.

*Fel.* We nothing feare, awake nor sleepe,  
But the Wolfe goddild our sheepe,  
On a countrey quill each playes  
Madrigals, and pretty layes  
Of passions, and the force of love,  
And with Ditties heaven move.  
Birds will listen to our song,  
And to leavy arbours throng,  
To learne our notes, and Mistris name,  
Vallies ecchoing with the same.

2. *Shep.* When we hunt, as there is store  
Of Deere, the trembling Hare, and Bore,  
You would think that you had seene  
Gods in Shepheards weeds agen.  
A hundred pretty Nymphs apace  
Tripping ore the lands, and chafe,  
As many lads, the gentle aire  
Playing with their dangling haire.

*Fel.* Sometimes we dance a Fairy round,  
Hand in hand upon the ground,  
Shepheards piping, Garlands crowning,  
With our harmelesse besomes drowning.

1. *Shep.* Walke unto the silver brooke,  
You shall need no other hooke,  
To catch the dancing fish withall,  
But a song or Madrigall.

*Fel.* When the clouds let fall their showres,  
We have at hand a hundred bowres,  
Where under Sweet-bryer, safe are we,  
And honey-dropping Woodbind tree,  
Here in spight of stormes we tell

Stories of love, of *Philomell*,  
Of *Paris*, and the Golden ball,  
Of *Eccbo*, and *Narcissus* fall.

3. *Shep.* Here no false-love brings despaire,  
Jealousie, or suspition, care,  
Alwayes happy most of all  
On *Silvanus* festivall.

*Sel.* No more, good Shepheards, you undoe a boy  
With the opinion of his happinesse:  
If a few Jewels I have brought with me,  
May finde acceptance here, I shall bestow them  
As freely as your loves have falne on me.  
Nay then, Ile force 'em on you, I have left  
To purchase a Flock with you.

1. *Shep.* We thanke you, gentle boy, goodden,  
We must to our flockes agen.

*Sel.* But Shepheardesse, or sister if thou wilt,  
Oh would thou wert, I pree thee call me brother,  
Hath Love a part among you, tell me pray,  
What punishment inflict you on false love?  
But sure you are exempt from such  
A misery: what then  
Is her reward, that out of peevishnesse  
Contemnes the honest passion of her Lover,  
Insults upon his vertue, and doth place  
Unworthily her affection?

*Fel.* Though such a woman need no curse,  
Being one her selfe, or worse,  
Yet we Shepheards use to say,  
May she love another day,  
And not be lov'd, die in despaire,  
And have no other Tombe but aire.

*Enter Infortunio distracted.*

*Infor.* A prey, a prey!  
Where did you get that face?  
That goddesse face? it was *Solina's* once:

How



How came you by it? did she on her death-bed  
Bequeath her beauty as a legacy,  
Not willing it should die, but live and be  
A lasting death to *Infortunio*?

Oh she was cruell, not to bury it with her!  
But I am a foole, 'tis *Venus* and her Sonne,  
Where be your bow and arrowes, little *Cupid*?  
Didst thou maliciously spend all thy *Quiver*  
Upon my heart, and not reserve one thatt  
To make *Selina* love me? Tell me, *Venus*,  
Why did you use me so? you shall no more  
Be Queene of love. Stay, stay, *Cupid* was blind,  
How comes he now to see? yes, he did see,  
He never could have wounded me so right else.  
Why then let Fortune have her eyes agen,  
And all things see how wretched I am made.

*Sel.* Oh, is there not within the power of Art,  
How to restore this Gentleman?

*Fel.* There is, and out of that experience we  
Have in these woods, of simples, I doubt not,  
But to apply a remedy.

*Sel.* He will be worthy of your care herein,  
And should he (be which I cannot imagine)  
Ingratefull to your skill, I would reward it,  
And call you mother, or my sister for it.

*Fel.* It seemes you have some relation to him.

*Sel.* Indeed he is the dearest friend I had:  
And if my blood were powerfull to restore him,  
Ide spend it like a prodigall. I know *Selina*.

*Inf.* Ha, doe you know *Selina*? she's married to *Rufaldo*,  
the old *Usurer*, that went to bed afore to his money, and  
begat forty ith' hundred: now he beds *Selina*,  
And layes his rude hand o're her sacred brest,  
Embraceth her faire body, now he dares  
Kisse her, and suck Ambrosia from her lip.  
Those eyes that grace the day, now shine on him,  
He her *Endimion*, she his silver Moone,

The tongue that's able to rocke Heaven asleepe,  
 And make the musicke of the Spheres stand still,  
 To listen to the happier aires it makes,  
 And mend their tunes by it : that voice is now  
 Devoted to his eares, those cheekes, those hands,  
 Would make gods proud to touch, are by his touch  
 Profaned every houre : oh, this makes me mad,  
 But I will fit 'em for it, for ile die,  
 It may be then she'll weepe, and let fall teares  
 Upon my grave-stone, which shall be of marble,  
 And hard like her, that if she powre out floods,  
 No drops shall sinke thorow it to soften me,  
 I will be wrapt in Lead to keepe out praiers,  
 For then I know, shee'll beg I would be friends :  
 But then I will be just, and hate her love,  
 As she did mine, and laugh to see her grieve.

*Sel.* Come, I will fetch *Selina* to you, if you will sleepe.

*Inf.* Will you then? I will live, and you shall be my best boy.  
 Come, I scorne to weepe, or shed another teare,  
 Sit downe, Ile have a Garland for my boy,  
 Of Phoenix feathers : Flowers are too meane  
 To sit upon thy temples ; in thy face  
 Are many Gardens, Spring had never such :  
 The Roses and the Lillies of thy cheekes  
 Are slips of Paradise, not to be gathered,  
 But wondred at.

*Sel.* But you said you would sleepe, when slept you last ?

*Inf.* I remember before I lov'd, but that I know not when  
 I slept soundly, and dreamt of gathering nosegayes.  
 'Tis unlucky to dreame of herbs and flowers.

*Fel.* For *Selina's* sake Ile try my best skill on him,  
 Get him to sleepe, your presence I see is powerfull, yonder's  
 a pleasant Arbour, procure him thither while I prepare the  
 herbs, whose precious jayce may with Heavens blessing  
 make him well againe.

*Sel.* A thousand blessings on you; Come, sir, goe with me,  
 and when you have slept, Ile fetch *Selina* to you.

*Inf.*



*Inf.* Prethee doe, I am very drowzy : come, Ile dreame of something, my eyes are going to bed, and leaden sleepe doth draw the curtaines o're them.

*Sel.* Will you goe with me ?

*Inf.* Yes, and we will picke a dish of Strawberies. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ienkin, having lost his way.*

*Ien.* Has almost lost her selfe in these woods and wildernesses, was very weary of these journeyes and travels in foot-backes : have not since her commings beheld any reasonable creatures : blesse us awle, *Iocarella* is lost too, cannot tell where, in these mazes and labyrinths. *Iocarella*, so ho.

*Eccho.* So ho.

*Ien.* Ha, theres some bodies, yet, harke you tere, here is a sentilman of Wales, looke you, desires very much to have speeches and confabulations with you : where is her ?

*Eccho.* Here is her.

*Ien.* Here is her ? knaw not which wayes to come to her : pray you tell *Ienkin* where you be ?

*Eccho.* Boobie.

*Ien.* Poobies ? was her call her poobies ? 'tis very fancy travels, her will teach her better manners and moralities, if her get her in reaches and circumferences of her Walsh blades truely.

*Eccho.* You lie.

*Ien.* How, lies and poobies too ? harke you, *Ienkin* was give you mawles and knockes for your poobies, and lies, and indignities, looke for your pates now.

*Exit with his sword drawne.*

*Enter againe.*

Here is no bodies but bushes and bryers, looke you, awle is very quiet : so ho, ho.

*Eccho.* So ho, ho.

*Ien.* Her am very much deceiv'd, now it comes into our mindes, if these voyces be not Ecchoes, *Eccho.*

*Eccho.* Eccho.

H

*Ien.* 'Tis

*Jen.* 'Tis very true, but her marvell much, have her Ecchoes in these Countries pray you?

*Ecc.* Yes pray you.

*Jen.* VVarrant her 'tis a welsh Eccho, was follow *Ienkin* in loves out of VVales.

*Ecc.* Out of VVales.

*Jen.* 'Tis very true, blesse us awle now, her call to remembrances and memories, her had communications and talkings with this very Ecchoes in Clamorgan-shire, in de vallies and Talles there looke you, her am very glad her hath met with Ecchoes, was borne in her owne Countreyes, harke you, *Ienkin* was travell hither out of loves and affections to *Selina*.

*Ecc.* Nay.

*Jen.* Nay, yes very true, pray you tell her, bee *Selina* in these woods, or no?

*Ecc.* No.

*Ien.* No, where is her den, have her taken awle these labours and ambulations in vanities? say you, shall *Ienkin* then goe backe as he came?

*Ecc.* As he came.

*Ien.* Gone? it is not possible, hit may bee *Selina* was turne spirits and be invisible rather, she is not gone verily.

*Ecc.* There you lie.

*Ien.* Lie, very well, you have priviledges to give lies and awle things in the world, but her will not leave these woods for awle dat, her will be Pilgrims all rayes of her lifes, ere her goe without her.

*Ecc.* Goe without her.

*Ien.* How, not love *Ienkin*? then there is a Devill in awle female sexes: know very well she promise loves and good wills in times, great while agoe, pray you now, her will talk no longer with you. Fare you well Eccho, pray if you meet her Pages, bid her make hasts and expeditions after her. Fare you well.

*Exit.*

*Ecc.* Fare you well.

*Enter*



*Enter Gorgon.*

*Gorg.* I thinke *Impiter* has snatch'd up my Master *Antonio*, to make a *Ganimede* on him, hee is not to bee found yet, I have search't all the Tavernes ith towne, I am sure, and that method my nose led me to, hoping he had beene a good fellow, but, *non est inventus*, well, my stocke is spent, but with this terrible face, a buffe Jerkin, and a roaring basket hilt, *Gorgon* will have a trick of wit to beare his owne charges: but here comes a Gentleman, to my postures now.

*Enter Gasparo.*

*Gas.* I am resolv'd.

*Gorg.* Good your worship bestow a small peece of silver upon a poore souldier, new-come out of the Low-Countries, that have beene in many hot services against the Spaniard, the French, and great Turke. I have beene shot seven times thorow the body, my eyes blowne up with gun-powder, halfe my skull seared off with a Canon, and had my throat cut twice in the open field: good your worship take compassion upon the caterwaking fortunes of a forlorne Gentleman, that have lost the use of my veines: good your generous nature take compassion upon mee, I have but foure fingers and a thumbe upon one hand: can worke, and woe not: one small peece of gratefull silver, to pay for my lodging, I beseech you venerable sir.

*Gas.* Canst not see?

*Gorg.* Onely a little glimmering, sir, the beames of your gentility have radiated, and infused light into my poore lanternes, sir.

*Gas.* Can you feele then?

*Gorg.* Oh, sir, that faculty alone, fortune and nature have left inviolated.

*Gas.* Heres somewhat for thee.

What, can you see now?

*He kickes him, and Gorgon opens his eyes.*

*Gorg.* *Gasparo*, is it you? Pox on your benevolence.

*Gas.* VVhence came this project of wit?

*Gor.* From the old predicament. Faith, necessity that has no Law, put mee into this habit: my Master is turn'd coward, and ran away from me.

*Gasp.* And thou art turn'd Souldier, to fight with him when you meet agen: then thou wantest a Master? harke sirra, what sayest thou to another project?

*Gorg.* Oh, I could caper for't.

*Gasp.* I am now leaving the world, and going into the Countrie, woot turne Gipsie, or Shepheard? I am for the woods, canst Madrigals yet?

*Gorg.* *Phillis faire, doe not disdain  
The love of Coridon thy Swaine.*

*Gasp.* Excellent! weele turne Shepheards presently, thou shalt bee *Phillis*, and Ile be *Coridon*: let mee alone to provide Ruffets, Crooke, and Tarbox: they say there's good hospitality in the Woods, and songs and pastimes upon *Silvanus* day.

*Gorg.* But that were pretty, shall I be a woman?

*Gasp.* By any meanes, thou hast a good face already, a little simpering will doe it, Ile accommodate thee early, keep thy owne counsell, and Ile warrant thee for a Maid-marrian.

*Gorg.* Foote! shall I runne into my coates agen? goe to, put mee into what shape you will, Ile play my part: mee thinkes I doe feele an hundred rurall animals taking up my petticoat already.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Antonio, Bubulcus, and Hillaria.*

*Ant.* Pray' forward with your relation.

*Bub.* As I was saying, having challenged *Antonio* for the affront he did me before *Hillaria*, here by heaven, you must say nothing.

*Hil.* Not a syllable.

*Bub.* Hee did accept the challenge, and the weapons were soone agreed upon, and we met: but not a word of fighting, if you love me.

*Ant.* You are not come to fighting yet your selfe, but by the way, what were your weapons?

*Bub. A*



*Bub.* A long sword.

*Ant.* 'Twas long ere you could remember it, me thinkes.

*Bub.* Soon as we came into the place appointed, we looked about, and saw all cleere.

*Hil.* As cleere as day on your side.

*Bub.* We drew, but not a word of fighting, by this hand.

*Ant.* Not by that hand.

*Bub.* We threw our dublets off, to shew wee had no coat of maile, or privie shirt upon us, against the lawes of duelling, in fine, I bid him say his prayers.

*Ant.* 'Twas well thought upon, and what did you?

*Bub.* I let 'em alone, for I knew I should kill him, and have time enough to say 'em afterwards at my leasure.

*Hil.* When he had prayed, what then?

*Bub.* When he had said his prayers, hee thought upon it, and let fall words tending to reconcilment: a my conscience, hee would have asked mee forgivenessse, but I stood upon my honour, and would fight with him, and so wee stood upon our guard: but not a word of fighting, if you love me.

*Ant.* Oh, by no meanes, but when did you fight?

*Bub.* Ile tell you, *Antonio* when he saw no remedy, but that I would needs fight with him, and so consequently kill him, made a desperate blow at my head, which I warded with my dagger, better than hee looked for, and in returne, I cut off his left hand, whereat amazed and fainting, I nimbly seconded it, as you know I am very nimble, and run my rapier into his right thigh, two yards.

*Hil.* Then you were on both sides of him?

*Ant.* Your rapier, did you not say your weapons were long swords?

*Bub.* But mine was both a sword and rapier, there's it, but not a word of fighting, as you love mee: well, not to weary you with the narration of the innumerable wounds I gave him, I cut off every joynt from his toe upwards, to his middle, by these hilts, now you may beleeeve mee, there ended *Antonio* my rivall, judge, judge, now, whether *Bubulcus*

be valiant or not, but not a word of fighting, as you love me,  
let it dye,

*Exit.*

*Ant.* 'Twas very valiantly done.

*Hil.* Harke you, Sweet-heart, doe you not remember who this is, that you have discovered this businesse to? this is *Selina* his owne sister.

*Bub.* What a rogue was I, not to remember that?

*Hil.* Doe not you know that shee is my mother in Law? nay, nay, plucke up a good heart, what will you doe? theres no running away.

*Bub.* Have you never an empty chest?

*Hil.* What, to hide your selfe? that I know you would not doe for your credit: draw your sword, and stand upon your guard, wee know you are valiant, that could kill *Antonio* so bravely.

*Bub.* *Hillaria*, if ever you lov'd mee, oh, I have made a faire peece of worke, would you not tell me it was his sister? Oh, here they come.

*He runs behinde Hillaria.*

*Enter Antonio, Rufaldo, and Officers.*

*Ant.* He hath confest it, sir, your Daughter heard it, sir, I charge you lay hands upon that murtherer, hee hath slaine my brother *Antonio*.

*Ruf.* Did you heare him confesse it?

*Bub.* Heres right, confesse and be hang'd now.

*Hil.* I must confesse I did.

*Ruf.* *Bubulus* kill *Antonio*?

*Bub.* By this hand I doe not know how to deny it for my credit.

*Ruf.* Nay then lay hands on him.

*Bub.* Yes Father, *Rufaldo*. *Selina*, Oh, a plague of all coxcombes, what a rogue was I?

*Ant.* I will have Justice, away with him.

*Bub.* I am a lying rascall by this hand.

*Ant.* VVee must require *Antonio* from you, sir, or your blood answer his, Away with him, *Hillaria*.

*Bub.*



*Bub.* Ile bee hang'd then, Father. *Hillaria*, will you see me hang'd?

*Ruf.* There is no remedy: would thou hadst kild his sister; I am plagued with her, and dare not speake it for shame, Ile doe whar I can to get a Reprieve for you; nay, and you kill folkes, you must eene take your fortune.

*Bub.* A curse of all ill fortune, I kild nobody.

*Ant.* Away, I say, out villaine, hence, for I Doe heare my brothers blood for justice cry.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Actus quintus, Scena prima.*

*Enter Infortunio, Selina, and Felice.*

*Infor.* I doe not know this place, nor who you are,  
Nor know I yet my selfe.

*Sil.* *Infortunio*?

*Infor.* That name I once did answer to, but then  
I was not banisht to a wildernesse,  
Nor slept on such a bed. Oh, if I be  
He, whom you call *Infortunio*,  
Tell me how I came hither, dost thou weep?  
I prethee tell me, boy, why doe those teares  
Drowne thy faire cheekes? but that they will not shew  
Manly in me, I'de force my eyes to weep too,  
And we would sit upon a banke, and play  
Drop-teare, till one were bank-rout. You amaze me:  
I aske how I came hither? answer me  
VVith other language, if you doe not meane  
I came by water, which you might expresse too  
In words as well, nay, better, for you now  
Are cruell to your selves, and murder me:  
Tell me, or I shall be mad.

*Sel.* Oh, stay: that brought *Infortunio* hither,  
You have now told your selfe, distraction brought you.

*Infor.*

*Infor.* Ha distraction? now you increase my wonder:  
Was I mad, or doe not you by answering,  
Study to make me so? why should I be mad,  
Or being so, how came I well againe?  
For if I dreame not, I am well and calme.

*Sel.* You owe this Shepheardesse for your restore,  
Whose skill heaven made so happy.

*Infor.* Did you, faire Shepheardesse, restore me then,  
And by your Art recover natures losse?  
All my well-being's yours: but yet if you  
Could so Physician-like cure the disease  
Which is but the effect of some distemper,  
You then should know the cause: for else you are  
Uncertaine in your applications.

Pray tell mee then, why was I mad?

*Sel.* This lad can tell you that, better than I,  
But if his sorrow will not let his tongue  
Deliver it, Ile tell you fir; you were in love.

*Infor.* With whom, I pray?

*Fel.* One whom they call *Selina*.

*Infor.* Ha, *Selina*? in what a depth of blacke forgetfulnesse  
Is *Infortunio* fallen into? *Selina*,  
Could I forget *Selina*? oh Shepheardesse,  
I was not mad till now: for can I be  
My selfe, and forget her? oh, in this question  
I am undone: for I doe hold my selfe  
And all my understanding by her name,  
I am a begger, she hath purchas'd all,  
Nor am I master of one thought of comfort  
I borrow not from her: what curse was false  
Upon my memory, to forget *Selina*?

*Sel.* Sir, you remember her too well, unlesse  
She would deserve it better.

*Infor.* It is not in her power to deserve, boy,  
For she is now beholding for her selfe  
Unto another. Oh, this teares my soule,  
You did not well to release me f my furies,

And



And make me sensible againe of that  
Was my first corrosive, it was unfriendly :  
Oh, twas a happinesse to be mad, starke mad,  
For the being lost, what have I else to lose ?  
I was all here, I gave my selfe away :  
And deeds of gift should hold.

*Sel.* Why should you be so passionate ? let once reason so  
late recovered, teach you love your selfe, reserv'd for nobler  
fortune.

*Infor.* It is true, I am a very foole in doing so,  
And will you be a Mistris then, and teach me  
How to forget my selfe ? what saist boy ?  
Shall I be Shepheard too ? I will live here  
And have thy company, thou art like my Love,  
Shall we Shepheardesse ?

*Fel.* With all my heart.

*Infor.* Come let's sit downe a while, nature hath spread  
Her Carpets for us here, this is the lowest,  
And yet 'tis higher than a Palace: pray  
Teach me your Shepheards life, now I doe long  
To be a wood-man too, and you shall doe  
A double cure upon me.

*Enter Gasparo and Gorgon disguised.*

*Gasp.* Stay, yonder are some Shepheards, lets on this bank  
sit downe and prattle. And how long ist, since your Sweet-  
heart forooke you ?

*Gorg.* It will be a quarter of a yeere next grassie.

*Gasp.* Alas, poore *Mopsa*, but come, put him out of thy  
minde, sing him away.

*Gorg.* Laugh, and sing him to his grave, shall I ?

*Gasp.* And never love him more.

*Gorg.* Oh no, his love like a canker hath eat such a great  
hole into my heart, I cannot forget him, but he sing a song  
of him.

*Gorgon sings a song, all this while.*

*Gasp.* Prethee doe.

*Gasparo eyes Felice.*

*Infor.* Heres innocence of all sides, who would live  
Out of this Common-wealth, where honest Swaines

Are Lords and subjects? Here is no acquaintance  
 With craft and falshood, all their foules are clad  
 In true simplicity: I will take a truce  
 With care a while to talke with this poore wench.

*Mopsa* I heard you nam'd, pray tell me,  
 Were you in love?

*Gorg.* Yes forsooth.

*Infor.* With whom, forsooth?

*Gorg.* With a Gentleman that has prov'd unkinde, forsooth, broken his vowes, and oathes, forsooth, hee made much of me, time was, before his father dyed, forsooth, who was a good Yeoman, then he kist mee, forsooth, and coll'd surreverence, but now hee scornes *Mopsa*: I was his equall once, and have danced with him upon our Church greene in a Morris ere now.

*Infor.* Alas, alas, has forsaken thee?

*Gorg.* He is now about to commit makrimonial' businesse with a young girle I wisse.

*Gasp.* 'Tis she. Ile have a tricke to know it.  
 Blessings on you Shepheardesse,  
 Yet by this hand, you are no lesse,  
 You were in love with a faire man,  
 Crost by a father, began  
 This Shepheards life, and rustet weed,  
 Is it not the truth, I reed? ha, ha.

*Fel.* Sir, are you a Fortune-teller?

*Gasp.* No, I am foole, and yet I know  
 Something, though you thinke not so.

*Fel.* Doe you see all this here?

*Gasp.* That and more in this table  
 Lies your story: 'tis no fable,  
 Not a line within your hand,  
 But I easily understand:  
 Your line of life is faire, hard by  
 Ascends that of prosperity,  
 But broken in the mid'st to th' Mount  
 Of *Saturne* here, which ill we count,



Ha, Triangle and Mercuriall line ?

But *Venus* is no friend of thine.

*Infor.* How now, Palmistry ? beleeve him not.

*Gasp.* In your face your fate is wrote,  
You lov'd a woman, she not you,  
You know whether I say true,  
Her name began with *S.* but shee,  
Shall never be enjoyd by thee,  
Shees married now to one that's old,  
But very rich : your fortune's told.

*Infor.* Bestrew me he has cunning.

*Sel.* Doe you beleeve him fir ?

*Gorg.* Beleeve him ? nay, you may beleeve him, he's abomin-  
ination cunning man, he told mee my fortune as right as if  
he had beene in my belly.

*Shep.* Does thy fortune lie in thy belly then, Sweet-heart ?

*Gorg.* Partly, fir, as other womens fortunes doe.

*Gasp.* Damsell, you have yet a fate  
Will make you wonder more thereat,  
By collection, I dare prove,  
That his name, whom you did love,  
Began with *G.* but 'tis too true,  
He hath slaine himselfe for you.

*Felice faints.*

*Felice*, come againe, doe not beleeve me, I told thee false, I did  
but trie to gaine a knowledge of thee : thy starres owe thee  
more happineffe, *Felice*, looke up, see thy friend alive, I am  
*Gasparo*. Foot, I ha made faire worke.

*Fel.* Ha, 'tis *Gasparo*.

*Gasp.* Have I found thee, O wench, thou wert unjust,  
Too much unjust, thus to absent thy selfe  
From *Gasparo*, thy cruell father since  
Hath wept enough to wash away his error.  
Fates, I doe thanke you, for this blest direction.  
But *Infortunio*, I am sorry now,  
I read the truth of thy unhappineffe,  
It is too true, *Selina* is beyond

Your spheare of hope, pardon, worthy sir,  
The shape I tooke, was not to mocke your fortunes,  
But trie mine owne. And have I found the wench?

*Gorg.* Oh, no, no, your suit is in vain, hands off, shepheards.

*i. Shep.* I will make thee amends and marry, prethee sweet  
*Mopsa*, beautifull *Mopsa*.

*Gorg.* Beauty! I doe confesse I have reasonable beauty, for  
blacke and white, for all other colours are but compounded  
of them: but the truth is, I cannot so soone forget my old  
iove; though he hath prov'd false unto me, *Mopsa* will prove  
true unto him: oh, and it were not for shame, now I would  
die for love.

*Sel.* Be not dejected, sir, you have a fate  
Doth smile upon you, I have a little skill.  
In that this Gentleman seem'd to have some knowledge,  
I must needs crosse his judgement, and pronounce  
You are more happy.

*Let not ought your soule annoy,  
You that Virgin shall enjoy,  
That you first lov'd, who doth waite  
To make your wishes fortunate,  
And ere Sun twice declines to west,  
You may be with marriage blest.*

*Gasp.* The boy is mad.

*Infor.* Doe not undoe, sweet boy, the benefit  
Thou hast already done mee, thou dost utter impossibilities.

*Sel.* Then with one Argument I can easily  
Take off your wonders, looke on thy *Selina*,  
That on the wedding morne forsooke *Rufaldo*,  
Touch'd with a sense of thy indignities,  
Thus to obscure me from all curious search  
And inquisition, but not hoping ever  
To be made thine, now if true love maintaine  
The opinion you pretend, thus in your armes  
I powre my selfe.

*Infor.* It is *Selina*. Oh, I am rent in peeces  
With joy and wonder.

*Gasp.*



*Gasp.* Harke you, sir, doe not beleeeve him.  
Let not passion make you a mockery.

Is not *Selina* married to *Rufaldo*? then am I goose-giblet: I should have beene at Church with 'em, but for a crotchet that I had in my pate all the morning: I spake with her father yesterday, and from his mouth I heard, *Selina* was very well, I thinke I doe not dreame, indeed now I call to memory, hee said *Selina* was mist two or three houres ath' wedding morne; some figary, I know not what: and *Antonio*, as I supposed, gone in quest of her, not heard of since: but *Selina* is sure *Rufaldos* wife, or some devill in her likenesse has abused them all with credulity. This is true sir, therefore be not easie, doe not deserve more pittie, this boy is mad, a juggling boy.

*Sel.* Shall I not be beleeeved then for my selfe? am I refused now?

*Inf.* It cannot be she: troth boy, thy conceit tooke mee at first with much credulity: but here's our natures weaknesse, apt to credit what we affect: were there not too much against it, thou mightst deceive me: oh no, *Infortunio* is given up, lost to all felicity.

*Sel.* Since then you put me, sir, to prove my selfe, let mee not be lost, I will not call you what I desire, nor name you sister: give me leave to find my selfe, I know not where I am yet: my brother *Antonio* gon? what fury hath assum'd *Selina's* shape?

*Gasp.* Come, put on a mans spirit, *Mopsa*.

*Gorg.* Well, sir, in regard you are so *Exit cum Inf. & Fel.*  
importunate, although I have forsworn marriage, if you desist constant, you may chance to have a licke at my Mayden-head.

*Exeunt.*

*Sel.* I have it, my Brother's lost:  
He send a shepheard in *Antonio's* name,  
To invite my father hither, and that Incubus.  
I vow not to forsake these plaines, till I  
Possesse my selfe, or be rejected quire,  
Suspend thy passions then a while, *Selina*,

To morrow is the Shepheards holiday,  
Which they solemnize with rurall pleasures,  
'Twill draw them sooner : ha, are they gone ?  
I will not leave 'em, with this thread I shall  
Tread o're the Labyrinth, and discover all.

*Exit.**Enter Cornelio.*

*Cor.* Antonio slaine ? haplesse *Cornelio*,  
My hopes were treasur'd up in him, the staffe  
And comfort of my age, and is he gone ?

*Enter Antonio, Hillaria, Rufaldo.*

*Hil.* Hast sent for *Bubulcus* ?

*Ant.* I have,

Father, let not too much passion soyle that temper  
Hath beene observ'd in old *Cornelio*.

*Cor.* Why, was not hee thy Brother ? canst thou thinke  
Thou hast so little share in yong *Antonio*,  
That thou darrest speake of comfort ?

*Ant.* Sir, on my life *Antonio* is not dead.

*Ruf.* No, no, 'tis impossible.

*Ant.* *Bubulcus*, on my soule's a very coward,  
And durst as well attempt to take a prey  
Out of a Tygers jawes, as see a sword  
With patience bent against him.

*Cor.* But cowards in despaire prove desperate, and most  
unhappy.

*Ant.* A my conscience I could beat him into a mousehole.

*Ruf.* Nay, I could beat him, and I am sure you can beat  
me woo'd I were well rid of you : 'tis a double misery to bee  
abus'd, and dare not speake out.

*Enter Bubulcus, Officers.*

*Hil.* Here's *Bubulcus*.

*Bub.* Not guilty, not guilty, and please your Worships,  
let me not be hang'd for a lye of mine owne making : 'tis well  
knowne I am a stinking coward : not guilty, I beseech you ;  
I never drew sword in anger in my life : if you hang me, you  
undoe me for ever.

*Ant.* Looke you, sir, 'tis cleare.

*Bub.*



*Bub.* My conscience is as cleare as Cryſtall: not guilty my Lord, I beſeech you —

*Cor.* Didſt not thou kill *Antonio* then?

*Bub.* Let me be hang'd if I did.

*Cor.* Stay, he'll confeſſe.

*Bub.* I confeſſe I told a lye, thinking to have got ſome credit: but if ever I ſaw *Antonio*, ſince he gave mee two or three kicks, which I deſerv'd well enough, broyle mee a'th coales. Mercy, oh mercy: doe not caſt me away upon the Hang-man now, in the pride of my youth: not guilty my Lord.

*Cor.* Howſoever feare of death poſſeſſe him ſo, I ſee the murther in his eyes.

*Bub.* My eyes? woo'd they were out then: doe you ſee murther in my eyes? are my eyes blood-ſhot?

*Cor.* His very hand doth ſhew a guiltineſſe, looke how it trembles.

*Bub.* The feare of hanging hath put my whole body into palſey: my hands guilty? I can waſh my hands cleane of it, I never kild a fly. By this hand, not guilty.

*Enter a Shepheard haſtily.*

*Shep.* Which is *Cornelio*?

*Ant.* This: what's the matter? what mak's this ſhepherd here?

*Cor.* I am *Cornelio*: is it with me thou woo'dſt?

*Shep.* If your name *Cornelio* be,  
Contentment and felicitie  
I bring you: I am ſent from one  
That doth call himſelfe your ſonne,  
Young *Antonio*, who thus low  
Would beg your bleſſing, prayes that no  
Affliction too much you diſmay  
For his abſence, bade me ſay,  
If you daigne ſuſpend your care,  
A few houres, and repaire  
Unto the place of Shepheards by,  
To grace their pleaſures with your eye,  
*Antonio* will himſelfe declare,  
Faithfully what cauſes were

*The Schoole of Complement.*

*Of his absence, and requite  
These dolours with a fresh delight :  
And so farewell. This is all :  
Backe againe I heare them call.*

*Exit Shepheard.*

*Cor.* Oh stay a while.

*Ant.* He's gone, fir : did I not tell you, *Antonio* was not dead? but this is strange.

*Cor.* Doe I not dreame?

*Ant.* *Antonio* among the Shepheards? if hee be there, I am drest I faith : By any meanes, goe fir.

*Bub.* Is *Antonio* alive againe?

*Ruf.* Yes verily, alive againe, let not the Hangman fright away your wits any longer.

*Bub.* I hope I shall choose my owne Gallowes then. *Hillaria*, you would not beleieve me : did I looke as I had kild any body? now I hope you will hold mee for an innocent hereafter.

*Cor.* *Bubulcus*, pray' let us have your company, It doth concerne your freedome. *Antonio* living?

*Rufaldo*, let us make a merry day on't,

If it be true. If? I doe sinne against

Discretion to distrust it. O my starres,

I doe acquit you all your injuries,

If you possesse me of *Antonio*.

Never did man to blisse more willing goe.

*Bub.* I am glad I am repriev'd: come *Hillaria*.

*Ant.* 'Twere pretty if *Antonio* bee multiplied : here's tricks indeed, I am resolv'd to see what will the end of this confusion be.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Jenkin.*

*Jen.* Never was *Jenkin* in such Wildernesse, her have walked and travelled creat deale of miles in these Woods: but her can finde no end nor evasions, looke you: her have read in Histories, and Relations, and Kernicles, very famous Knights, and prave Sentilmen of valours and shivalries, have beene enchanted, looke you, in Castles and very strange dwellings, and Towers, and solitary places,  
NOW



now was have creat feares and suspicions, lest *Ienkin* was fallen into some wisheries and conjurations, and was inchaunted, blesse us awll in these Desarts and Wildernewesses for her valours and magnanimities.

*Enter Jocarello.*

*Joc.* So ho, ho, Master *Ienkin*.

*Jen.* It is our Pages agen, *Jocarello*, where have you beene? you are very tilligent Poyes, to lose your Master thus.

*Joc.* I was lost my selfe, had not a Shepheard by chance found me, and carried mee into his house under the ground, where with a great many of Shepheardesses wee sate up all night in making Garlands for some shew and pastimes to bee done this day, which they call their Festivall: pray, sir, since we have run a wildgoose chase so long, let's stay one day to see these sports and dancings.

*Ien.* Sports and dances, say you? take pleasure and delectations in dances? Very well, *Jenkin* was know how to dance her selfe, was pred in awle Sentilmans qualities, looke you, her will make no peregrinations backe till awle be done, and it may be, was shake her legs in capers too, look you now.

*Enter Cornelio, Rufaldo, Antonio, Bubulcw, Hillaria.*

*Corn.* Master *Ienkin*, you are well met in these parts, I perceive you are earely this morning, to partake the pastimes of our Shepheards.

*Ien.* Good rayes and salutations, and cret deale of felicities come to awle your urships.

*Bub.* Sir, my name is Master *Bubulcw*, and I am as good a Gentleman.

*Ien.* As who pray you? doe you make comparifons?

*Bub.* I doe embrace your familiarities, and remaine your truest worne.

*Ien.* Not too much wormes, nor familiarities pray you: ha Pages, here is *Selina* in her owne apparels and vestiments, awle was very true as our Countrey-woman *Ech*oes was make reports: *Selina* was gone backe agen: very well: Mistris '*Selina*'s was very full of joyes and exhilarations, to see you in these places, you know how creatly and ardently *Ienkin* was taken with your peauties, and pul-

chritudes, cret while agoe : pray' when did you make retournes out of these woods ? *Ienkin* had knowledge, and saw you in your Shepherd apparels, and was make ambulations after you hither, out of meere amors and affections as her was true Sentilman.

*Ant.* I make retorne out of these woods ? I entred them but now.

*Ien.* Well, you desire not to have things declared, and published, her was keepe awle silences.

*Ant.* Upon my life you are mistaken quite in this, Master *Ienkin*.

*Ien.* Oh, pray you make not *Ienkin* ridicles, and derisions, looke you, shall heare no more of that matters, call you only to memories you promised loves to *Ienkin*, pray you in matrimonies creat while agoe.

*Ant.* I deny not that, sir, but I know not why you have long neglected me, and I am now married to *Rufaldo*.

*Ien.* *Rufaldoes* ? hit is not possible.

*Bub.* Father he saies it is impossible *Selina* shold be your wife

*Ruf.* How, not my wife ? I would faine see that.

*Ien.* Is *Selina* your wifes in truths and verities pray you ?

*Ruf.* Doe you make question ? My wife ? I thinke there is some reason, she is my very deare wife, I will assure you sir.

*Cor.* He has got a boy by this time.

*Ruf.* A boy ? well, I have got something, a pox a your fingers. How saist ? is not something done Sweet-heart ?

*Ant.* Yes, in my conscience something is done.

*Ien.* *Ienkin* was never awle his dayes have such injuries and contumelies put upon her : was ever Sentilman thus abused ? have her made repetitions and genealogies of her plood, for no matrimonies ? *Ienkin* has peat the pushes, and *Rufaldoes* has get the pirds. Hum ! her love not to make quarrels and prabbles, but *Ienkin* could fight with any podies in the whole urld, awle weapons, from the long Pikes to the welsh-hookes, looke you now, no matrimonies ? her welsh-blood is up, looke you.

*Cor.* Master *Bukulaw*.

*Ien.*



*Ien.* Master Blew-pottles, have you any stomaks or appetites to have any plowes or knogs upon your costards looke you?

*Bub.* No great stomacke at this time, sir, I thanke you: alas, I have 'em every day, they are no novelties with me.

*Cor.* Come, Master *Ienkin*, I now perceive you lov'd my daughter, if you had acquainted me in time, I should not have beene unwilling to have cald you sonne, but since 'tis too late, let your wisdom checke impatience: I know you are of a noble temper, howsoever passion may a little cloud your vertues, lets be all friends I pray.

*Ien.* Here is very cood honest words, yes, looke you, *Ienkin* is in awle amities and friendships, but ———

*Cor.* Oh, no more shooting at that but: harke, I heare the shepheards musick, and voice too, lets sit down I pray, *Antonio* keep thy word.

*Musicke.* Enter Shepheards and Shepheardeesses with garlands.

S O N G.

Wood-men Shepheards come away,  
This is Pans great holy-day,  
Throw off cares,  
With your heaven aspiring aires  
Helps us to sing  
While valleys with your Ecchoes ring.

2

Nymphes that dwell within these groves,  
Leave your arbours, bring your loves,  
gather poesies,  
Crownne your golden haire with Roses,  
As you passe  
Foote like Fayries on the grasse.

3

Joy drowne our bowers, *Philomel*,  
Leave of *Tereus* rape to tell,  
Let trees dance,  
As they at *Thracian* Lire did once,  
Mountaines play,  
This is the Shepheards holiday.

K 2

Dance.

*The Schoole of Complement.*

*Dance. The song ended, Enter a maske of Satyres &c. and dance.  
Enter a Shepheardesse with a white rod.*

1. *Shep.* Post hence Satyres and give way,  
For fairer soules to grace the day,  
And this presence, whip the aire  
With new ravishings, hence with care,  
By the forelocke hold Time fast,  
Lest occasion slip too fast  
A way from us, joyes here distill.  
Pleasures all your bosomes fill.

*Exit*

*Enter Infortunio, Selina, Gasparo, Felice,  
Gorgon, Shepheard. They dance.*

*Sel.* Faire Nymph, vouchsafe the honor to dance with me.

*Ant.* Troth, sir, I cannot dance.

*Sel.* We know you are *Selina*.

*Infor.* Your hand, fairest.

1. *Shep.* Disdaine not, gentle sir.

*Ien.* Pible pables, with awle her hearts, looke you.

*Gorg.* Noble sir.

*Bub.* Faire Lady, at your service.

*Gasp.* I will not change.

*Fel.* Nor I.

*One measure.  
Dance.*

*Cor.* Which is *Antonio*?

*Ruf.* It will breake out anon.

*Sel.* You are a theefe.

*Ant.* Ha?

*Sel.* You have robd *Selina*.

*Ant.* Then Ile make restitution, what are you?

*Sel.* *Antonio*.

*Ant.* The Devill you are! faith, deale honestly with mee,  
and Ile be true to thee: who art?

*Sel.* I am *Selina* by my hopes of heaven.

*Ant.* Ha, sister then!

*Sel.* I have no brother but *Antonio*.

*Ant.* And I am he. Oh happinesse!

*Sel.* If thou beest *Antonio*, what made thee assume my  
habit?

*Ant.* Of



*Ant.* Of that anon. Lives *Infortunio*?

*Sel.* Hees here, and with him *Gasparo* and my sister the lost *Felice*.

*Ant.* I am raviſht with this wonder.

*Sel.* Keepe your face constant: the Muſicke calls. *Dance.*

*Cor.* Ha, what meanes this?

*Ant.* *Selina*.

*Fel.* Your bleſſing, ſir, we are your children.

*Cor.* Who's this?

*Sel.* I am *Selina*, ſir.

*Ant.* And I am *Antonio*.

*Cor.* Amazement: thou *Antonio*? he *Selina*?

*Ruf.* Ha, how's this, my wife become a man? I confeſſe ſhe plaid the man with me.

*Cor.* But who is this?

*Fel.* I am *Felice* ſir, your long loſt Daughter, Found out by *Gasparo*, unto whom my vowes In heaven were long ſince ſacred, and I beg Once more he may be mine.

*Sel.* As I to be poſſeſt By *Infortunio* here.

*Cor.* Stay children, ſtay: take heed, you doe not know What ſtrength of joy my fainting age can beare: You fall in too full ſhowres, like ſwelling Nile Theſe comforts will exceed the narrow bankes Of my poore frailty: riſe, enjoy your wiſhes, And my bleſſings be multiplyed upon you. Ha! *Rufaldo*, here's *Felice* my loſt Girle, Take her, take her, *Gasparo*. *Selina*, Art not thou *Rufaldo*'s wife?

*Ant.* No, ſir, I ventured that, he knowes me well, *Hillaria* and I were bedfellowes, at his requeſt.

*Bub.* How? *Hillaria* and you bedfellowes? I'de laugh at that

*Ruf.* I am abus'd, diſgrac'd, undone.

*Cor.* Nay, *Rufaldo*.

*Bub.* Why then it ſeemes you were *Antonio*, that I kild ſo, and you have as a man ſhould ſay, live with *Hillaria* before had

*The Schoole of Complement.*

*Ant.* I am not behind hand.

*Bub.* Nay, and you have tickled her before and behind, tickle her all over for *Bubulcus*.

*Ion.* Harke you, is there another *Selina's*? blesse us awle, here is very prave love-trickes, looke you.

*Ruf.* Blessing on him: why he hath made Stockfish on me, he has beaten away all my inclination to give my blessing.

*Cor.* Come, upon recollection, you must make it a bargain: they have, it seemes, bought and sold already, 'tis past recovery, he shall be worthy of her.

*Hil.* Sir, that you may with more alacrity let fall your blessings: know our bloods are pure, *Antonio* and your Daughter are as chaste from any sinfull act, as when wee were first mantled after birth.

*Ruf.* Ha, faist so?

*Ant.* 'Twas none of my fault, I am sure.

*Ruf.* Then my blessings to you: come, y're both my children.

*Bub.* How?

*Cor.* Amen, and mine: Why I am rapt beyond my selfe with joyes. *Infortunio*, Fate hath effected that I beg'd of heaven in many prayers for you, oh my blisses.

*Bub.* So, so, I am guld, my house taken o're my head?

*Gorg.* Sir, you know who I am, I am yet walking *Terra incognita*, I have a great minde to *Bubulcus*, you know what I have suffered for him, and so forth.

*Casp.* Let me alone, so, so: then pleasures runne with a streame upon us, but if wee shall make a full day on't, here's one more to meet with her match, this poore Virgin hath beene long in love with *Bubulcus*: troth, fir, looke upon her at length pittifully complaining: alas good soule, bee honest at length: prethee doe, and marry her, you know what has past betweene you, 'tis a handsome wench.

*Bub.* Umh, I doe remember she was in love with mee, and so was twenty more: what's that to me? Alas, would you have me descend so low?

*Gorg.* Oh, fir, you sung another song in my Mothers Dairy,



Dairy, when we sate up all night together, and had a sacke possset.

All.

Bub. I doe remember such a thing, but what's that? Ile rake't upon me.

Gorg. I beseech you, Gentlemen, speake for me, for I will have him, I am ashamed to shew my reasons.

Bub. Very small ones: away you durty queane.

Inf. What, has he got thee with childe?

Gorg. More than that, fir.

Fel. Has he had any Bastards?

Gorg. Indeed Mistresse, Ile tell you; hee hath begot three children of my body.

Inf. Fie upon't, no lesse than three bastards.

Bub. How? nay, she lyes falsly, I got but two, so many I will acknowledge, because they shall not doubt my sufficien- cy, had I any more than two? speake you lying whore.

Gasp. Sir, I tender your credit, there is but two wayes, either you must marry her, or give her a piece of mony, that's the easiest way, she is poore: for your reputation——

Bub. What doe you thinke will content the whore?

Ien. Harke you, best for you, make some satisfactions to this Sentilwoman, or Senkin was learne you more honesties and behaviours towards these umans, warrant you master blew pottles.

Gasp. A matter of twenty or thirty peeces, you can spare them.

Bub. You Strumpet, here's twenty peeces for you: doe you heare? keepe well the boyes then: but you shall sweare, before these Gentlemen, you will never claime mariage: there, be an honest woman hereafter.

Gorg. Yes, beare witnesse, Gentlemen, I doe accept his wife benevolence, and will never trouble him with marriage—— while Gorgon lives.

All. Gorgon?

Gorg. Your servant, and your pardons: nay, Gorgon has had his devices and vagabunduloes as well as the best on ye: give you all joy, I wish you wit, fir.

Bub.

*Bub.* I am foold of all sides, was I borne a foole?

*All.* Ha, ha.

*Ien.* Stay you, Master double colours, there be more fools in the businesse as your selfe: well *Ienkin*, were even best make shurneyes back into her owne countries, and never put credits or conferences in any womans in the whole world: they all lie and coozen, and make derisions out awle measures.

*Inf.* Nay, nay, Gentlemen, let's all together, Wee'le drowne all discontents this day with wine, Let's take up all our Fates then, and proclaime This day new Festivals in *Hymens* name.

*Bub.* Stay a little, and Ile along with you. Since I have mist my wench, Ile aske these Gentlemens good wills to a second match, in stead of an Epilogue,

*Courteous Spectators, and kinde Gentlemen.*——

*Gor.* Why, how now? what, are you mad? will you speake the Epilogue? though you have plaid a foole in the Play, you will not shew your selfe an Ass before all this company. The Epilogue? I hope I am the wiser ath' two, and the better read in complement.

*Indicious Gentlemen.*——

*Ien.* Harke you, Master double-colours, and you Goody Gorgons, here is one wiser, Asses you both to pronounce the Epilogues, warrant you, and one, that knawes—— to speake in as good English, Gentlemen, now *sans* Complement.

*Our Love-trickes have beene shewne, and we attend  
To know if your acceptance erone the end,  
The world is full of trickes, but it will be  
A tricke worth all, to have some plaudite  
To these of love. If then contentment dwell  
On you, we shall conclude, our Play shewes well,  
Which we did Love-trickes call, that we might prove  
It was a tricke of ours to gaine your love.*

*Exeunt omnes.*

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FINIS.



